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## HOPES AND PROSPECTS OF THE FEDERALISTS.

ALMOST for the first time since the struggle between the two sections of the American Republic fairly commenced, we are beginning to get something like a glimpse of the real hopes and designs of the Federalist leaders. Perhaps we might go further, and say that it is only now—or at least only most recently—that these hopes and designs have, even in their own minds, assumed any solid, rational, and defined shape. From the various military expeditions, from the casual admissions made by members of the Government at Washington, or from those connected with it, elucidated by conversations we have been enabled to enjoy with parties more or less in the confidence of men in power, we think we may safely deduce two inferences.

The first is that the issue—a decisive issue of some sort—cannot now be far off. The original idea of the North American public evidently and avowedly was that the Southerners were probably, in their first secession movements, bent rather upon making inordinate terms for their re-entrance into the Union, than upon actual and final separation; and that, under any circumstances, the way to reduce them to moderation or submission was to make such an imposing display of Northern superiority and resolution as would convince them that ultimate success, or even long resistance, was impossible. With this view, and in this confidence, the Federalists raised their enormous army, voted their enormous loans, and ventured on their reckless expenditure, satisfied that the South would succumb before such gigantic preparations, and persuaded that a stupendous effort, if a short one, would be at once more willingly and vigorously made by their friends, and more likely to terrify their foes, than a smaller, a better organized, and a more prolonged one. When, however, it appeared that the Southerners were nothing daunted by the prospect of war, even on so vast a scale; when the first military operations turned to the advantage of the South; and when it became evident to all competent and sober observers that the immense army raised must go through a year's training at least before it could hope to achieve any successes worthy of its magnitude and its cost,—then a change came over the spirit of the dreamers at Washington. It grew gradually clear to them that the conflict bid fair to be as long in duration as it was gigantic in dimensions; and that the utmost resources of the nation would prove inadequate to any considerable continuance of such a war as they had commenced. Money came in slowly and went out fast; loans were entirely declined by foreign countries, and were but languidly taken up at home; taxation was slight and unproductive, and every scheme for greatly and suddenly adding to its resources was met by constitutional difficulties, if not by actual unpopularity;—and the issue of convertible paper all financiers well knew to be a last, a desperate, and a very exhaustible contrivance. It became evident to the Cabinet and to most of the senators, perhaps six months ago, and it has now become almost equally evident to the general public, not only that three months more of such a war would leave the North frightfully impoverished and embarrassed, but that it would be simply impossible to provide the means of paying, feeding, or in any way holding together such an army as is now on foot for those three months, and that in consequence they must hit upon some plan for succeeding at once, or, failing that, must abandon their enterprise as hopeless. This, we may safely say, is the conclusion at which all influential

Americans—indeed, almost the general public—have now arrived, and which few even scruple to avow. The most sanguine of them say:—"We believe that, on the plan we have now adopted, we shall subjugate the South before the end of May;—by paper and fresh taxes we can carry on the war till then;—if we have not succeeded by that time, we must confess ourselves baffled, and submit to secession and negotiation." Indeed, no rational man can fail to admit this necessity. The wasteful expenditure—corrupt, inefficient, and unskilful—has far surpassed even Mr. Chase's liberal estimate; no one can tell exactly what it is, but it is admitted that the Federalists are now spending, *on the war*, at the rate of £150,000,000 sterling a year, or exactly *six times* our annual military and naval expenditure during the Crimean war; and Napoleon's famous plan of "making war support war," can only be applied when the army is encamped in the enemy's country, and when that country is a rich and populous one; while the peculiar difficulty of the Federalists is that they cannot get into the enemy's country; and, if they did, they would find it scantily peopled, and poor in all available resources for a plundering force.

The second conclusion at which it is obvious to us the Federalist leaders have arrived—but which they have not yet avowed, and probably will not avow,—is that they must now direct their efforts not to subdue their antagonists, but to secure an advantageous position to negotiate upon. The original insane idea that they could overrun and subjugate the South has faded from their minds—if, indeed, the rational among them ever really entertained it;—but they still fancy they can secure the Border States, and this notion is anything but wild. If the period which finds them prepared to acknowledge the necessity of terminating the contest and renouncing the hope of forcing the South back into the Union, shall find them also in tolerably firm possession of Kentucky, Western Virginia, and Western Tennessee—or even in preponderating force in those districts,—then, it is evident, they will be in an excellent position for treating. For they will be entitled, and from very decency and honour will be compelled, to claim a frontier which shall include the three States we have named, or at least a considerable portion of them. The Union party in all these quarters is known to be large, and free labour prevails to a great extent; any equitable division would certainly assign them to the North; the Unionist army could not abandon the friends whose forces are in a manner incorporated with it; nor could ever a partially successful belligerent be expected to treat on any worse basis than that of *uti possidetis*. A line roughly drawn from the Mississippi along the Cumberland River by Knoxville to the Alleghany Mountains, and along that range by Fredericksburg to the Potomac, would probably not only give a pretty equitable division between North and South, but would leave as few adherents of either side as possible within the boundaries of the other. Now if, as we believe, the Washington Government are pretty well aware in their secret souls, that before summer comes they will have to accept the *fact*, and to treat as to the *terms*, of separation, it is of the last importance that they should actually hold as much as possible of the territory which they are determined to demand. To this object, it now appears, their recent exertions have been directed, consentaneously, and with considerable energy and skill. According to the last accounts, Fort Henry, on the Tennessee river, and the entrenched camp of Donnellson, near Dover, on the Cumberland river, are in possession of the Federalists, whilst a victorious army exceeding forty thousand men





is advancing upon Nashville. Towards that city it is probable that the force which has just evacuated Bowling Green, a station on the Big River, is now retreating. The effect of these movements has been to clear Kentucky, and if Nashville falls, the confederates will be driven back into the slave states which lie along the Gulf of Mexico. The successful attack upon a great entrenched camp, and the unconditional surrender of fifteen thousand men commanded by skilful officers, three of whom were amongst the prisoners, are facts which imply not only considerable military capacity on the part of the Federalist officers, but considerable discipline in the men under their command. These successes in Kentucky and Western Tennessee, if the Federalists can maintain them, besides giving them an established footing in those districts, will indirectly and distantly menace the great Confederate army at Manassas. At the same time General Burnside's expedition has secured a position in the rear of that army, and immediately south of Norfolk, from which it draws the chief portion of its supplies. It is by no means improbable that these combined operations, if carried out with vigour and sagacity, may so far menace of endanger the Confederate commander as to induce him either to retreat upon Richmond or still further South, or to detach so large a portion of his troops to dislodge his antagonists and to defend his rear, as might warrant General McClellan in attacking him with a reasonable prospect of success. If these several schemes should answer, it would give a solid advantage to the Federalists,—not, indeed, such a triumph as would enable them to continue their wasteful and hopeless enterprise, but one which would at one and the same time fully justify them in consenting to negotiate, and place them in a position to negotiate with dignity and influence.

We sincerely hope that our estimate of their private intentions and designs may prove correct, and that they may succeed in carrying them out. The recent advantages gained in Missouri by General Halleck may probably secure that State also to the Union; and if, after a series of similar successes, the Federalists agree to make peace on the terms we have intimated, we think they will be able to claim credit for having terminated a disastrous struggle by a not unprofitable arrangement; they will have secured a frontier to which it can scarcely be denied they are fairly entitled, and which, since they will negotiate for ground which they actually hold, the South cannot pretend to refuse. The Northern Confederation will then include no province tainted with the poison of slavery; the Southern will have secured every State in which slave-labour is really profitable or imperative; and New Mexico will be the only territory as to whose future destiny any serious discussion can arise.

#### THE ARMY ESTIMATES.

SIR CORNEWALL LEWIS has this merit, that whatever political office he accepts he is always found equal to discharge the duties connected with it. There are few men in Parliament who have had more varied experience in official life, and there are as few who have so uniformly succeeded. A civilian War Secretary must rely much upon the opinion of professional soldiers as to the number of troops which may be required for the safety of the empire, and it seems more than doubtful whether, amongst military men, there is any very ardent desire to reduce the army, and especially the staff, to the smallest number which may suffice for perfect national security. But so far as Sir Cornewall Lewis is concerned, it must be admitted that the speech in which he introduced the subject of the army estimates was not only unusually interesting, but, from the promptitude with which the House of Commons acted upon his advice, must have been tolerably satisfactory.

Sir Cornewall Lewis did not attempt to disguise the magnitude of the sum which the country was called upon to pay for its military defence. An army which costs £15,302,000, exclusive of militia, and £16,250,000, inclusive of that force, is an expensive machine. This single item, in fact, absorbs about a fourth of the whole annual revenue. A statesman of less candour than the present War Minister might have been content to rely upon the fact that so large a sum was declared to be absolutely necessary by the authorities at the Horse Guards. But Sir Cornewall Lewis followed a characteristic course. He not only traced the rise of these estimates from the year 1789, when the number of men amounted to 43,395 and the cost to not quite £3,000,000, to the present year, when the number of men demanded amounts to 145,000 (exclusive of India) and the sum to £15,302,000, but he undertook to explain the reasons which had caused this vast increase both in numbers and in cost. History clearly shows that after a war both of these effects seem almost inevitable. Thus in 1818, after the great war, the army, compared with that of 1789, had doubled in numbers, and was more than three times as costly. Until 1832 it remained stationary; and even in 1852, just before the Crimean war, the number only amounted to 119,000 men, and the cost to £9,000,000. But since that period it has increased to the degree which has just been mentioned. According to the opinion of Sir Cornewall Lewis, the present estimates exceed those of what may be termed the pre-

Crimean period by £5,000,000, and the present army is enlarged by the addition of 25,000 men. The increase in the number of men has been rendered necessary by the menacing attitude of France, by the enormous force maintained by that power, and the difficulty which the Emperor finds in controlling the passions of a restless soldiery. It has been calculated that each man, including officers, costs upon the average £100, and therefore the sum to be accounted for is reduced to £2,500,000. What the War Secretary undertook to do was, to explain the cause of this addition to the estimates of the period which preceded the Crimean war.

The explanation is to be found in the additional expense which has been incurred since then by improved armaments, by the increase in stores, in munitions of war necessary for the efficiency of the army, and in such things as conduce to the comfort, health, and general efficiency of the private soldier. The pay of the army has not been increased. But it should be observed that the transport corps is new, and the commissariat staff corps is new. There are new camps of instruction, new schools of musketry, new manufacturing establishments at Woolwich, Enfield, and Pimlico, improved barracks, and improved hospitals. It is a striking fact that, so far as regards the mortality of the army, the change is almost miraculous. By consulting a table of comparison between the six years ending in 1856, and the year 1859-60, it will be found that, in the household cavalry, 14 deaths in 1,000 have been reduced to 5; in the Cavalry of the line, the numbers are 15 against 6; in the Royal Artillery, 15 against 7; in the Foot Guards, 21 against 9; in the Infantry, 17 against 8. In the Colonies, the change is still more remarkable. In comparing the same periods, the figures are, at Gibraltar, 22 against 9; in Canada, 20 against 10; in Jamaica, 128 against 17; in Ceylon, 74 against 27. These are substantial results, and deserve to be recorded. Nor should it be forgotten that, in accounting for the additional sum of £2,500,000, the consumption of that most expensive article, gunpowder, has greatly increased, and that in this sum is included at least a million for stores furnished to the Admiralty.

There are, however, two points upon which it seems that the explanations of the War Minister were not quite complete. It appears that in India the number of British soldiers amounts to some 80,000 men. No doubt, it may be said that the War Minister is not responsible for the size of the Indian army. That, perhaps, must be determined by the Indian Minister. Throughout the discussion it may be observed that Sir Cornewall Lewis did not attempt to explain the principle upon which so large a number is required for that dependency, although, at the same time, it must be admitted that the Indian army being now amalgamated with the royal army, and being entirely under the control of the Commander-in-Chief, who is responsible to the War Minister, it is difficult to understand why that Minister should not fix the number of the troops for India as he does for the rest of the empire. At all events, it devolves upon Sir Charles Wood to explain the additions which are now made to the Indian establishment.

The other point upon which the War Minister failed to furnish any explanation was the number of troops stationed in the Colonies, and the insignificant sum which was contributed towards their military expenses by the Colonial exchequers. The truth, no doubt, was that Sir Cornewall Lewis considered that this question would be best discussed during the debate occasioned by Mr. Arthur Mills in bringing forward his resolution last Tuesday. That resolution affirmed the principle that the Colonies should provide for their own internal defence; and Mr. Baxter carried the principle a step further, by asserting that they should assist in their internal defence, and that no more money should be spent upon colonial fortifications. To both these propositions the Under-Secretary for the Colonies, on the part of the Government, expressed his assent. The opinions of the present War Minister upon the duties of the colonists to provide for their own defence are not doubtful, as he proved during the short period when he acted for the Duke of Newcastle. And it is remarkable that at the conclusion of the present army estimates there is a statement which places in a very striking light the small sums of money contributed by the Colonies towards the military expenditure incurred on their behalf by the mother country. From this statement it appears that the estimated cost for military purposes during the next year amounts to the sum of £3,718,467, of which only £109,340 will be repaid. Even exclusive of Malta, Gibraltar, and the Ionian Islands, the estimate is nearly £3,000,000. Canada alone demands £1,035,152, not one farthing of which will be repaid. No doubt Sir Cornewall Lewis, as an ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer, and as a Colonial Reformer, recognises the truth of the principle strenuously affirmed by Mr. Gladstone and others before the committee last year, that the burden and privileges of freedom ought to go together; and that whatever may be the duty of the Imperial Government in such cases as Malta and Gibraltar, those colonies which enjoy constitutional government, and are in fact independent communities, ought to provide for their own internal defence. So long indeed as the principle remained a mere theory, it was impossible

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for any Minister to act upon it; but now that it has been affirmed by the unanimous decision of the House of Commons, the Colonial Minister will find no difficulty in practically enforcing it, and thus relieving the Imperial exchequer from a burden which now it is unjustly compelled to bear.

### THE ITALIAN CABINET.

THE only Italian who was capable of succeeding to Cavour has been somewhat unceremoniously dismissed from the first place in the Italian Cabinet. The Backstairs have in effect triumphed over the Frontstairs. Rattazzi mounts the former; and Ricasoli descends the latter. The change, indeed, was not unexpected. The Ricasoli Cabinet has been for a long time notoriously displeasing to the court, and existed only upon sufferance in Parliament. A Ministry may be sustained by courtly caprice in the face of a constitutional opposition; or it may repose securely on a parliamentary majority in spite of royal antipathy or dislike. But a Cabinet—if it is to be at all long-lived—must either be popular with the sovereign or with his Parliament; and Ricasoli and his subordinates were neither. The ex-Premier himself is cast in too rugged a mould to be capable of seeking favour either in a palace or in a representative assembly. Cavour was more diplomatic. He by no means disdained to employ those unconstitutional recipes for securing constitutional majorities which Heaven puts, so to speak, under the very nose of the most liberal-minded of Ministers. He kept his left eye fixed on Parliamentary boroughs, and did not despise the electioneering nostrums, which the world understands, and of which purists profoundly and loudly disapprove. Partly owing to the patriotism of Italians in general, and partly owing to his own astute management, the Turin Parliament gave him a broad and unwavering allegiance. Nor was he utterly unpopular on the Backstairs. Now and then a little breeze marred the harmony of his relations with the royal closet, but on the whole he was "bon enfant;" and inclined to be neither imprudently severe on others, nor pharisaically strict himself. Ricasoli has all Cavour's back-bone without having Cavour's brain. The gay and dissolute court clique who rule Turin were not prepared to endure any longer than could be helped the presence and authority of a Tuscan, who was a Puritan both as to politics and morals. Strong pressure at last was brought to bear upon the king, whose political creed appears to be simple enough:—that a battle is the next best thing to a boar-hunt, but that all other politics are a bore. The unbending character of the ex-Premier led him to maintain towards his sovereign an attitude more suited to the atmosphere of free assemblies than of courts. His Majesty in return treated his Minister with marked indifference. A royal visit to Milan is a festival of pomp and pleasure. Victor Emmanuel signified his wish that Baron Ricasoli should remain behind while the court was in Lombardy. The hint was unmistakable. In his hour of difficulty, Ricasoli found that he had no compact parliamentary adherents to fall back upon. There was disaffection even within his own Cabinet. Nor indeed could he pretend that his administration on matters of detail was by any means unimpeachable. The various departments of state have been for some time mismanaged from sheer want of hands on board the ministerial ship. The tactics of the rival Italian statesmen have been to starve the Cabinet into surrender, rather than to take the citadel by storm; and sooner or later it was clear that such a Fabian policy must succeed.

Ricasoli has failed; but it is more than questionable whether Rattazzi will be a success. Ricasoli's management of internal affairs was by no means acceptable to the great body of Liberals who lent him a nominal support. But the old Piedmontese party, who are represented by Rattazzi, are not strong either in the Turin Parliament or in the provinces. The new Ministry, like the old, has failed to persuade the ablest of the Italian Liberals to join it. It is composed of respectable and honest men, and a fair share of places has been allotted to the different parts of the kingdom. But Rattazzi assumes the reins of power under heavy disadvantages. In the first place, popular opinion connects his name with the patronage of the French Court; and his recent journey to Paris did not tend to dissipate the prejudice. He is regarded in Europe as a *quasi* nominee of the Tuileries; and though he is, probably, more independent than is supposed, it cannot be denied that he has the confidence of the French Emperor. His French connection will make it harder for him to obtain—what it is rumoured he desires—the adherence of the more moderate Garibaldians. His predecessor, shortly before he resigned, astonished the world by making overtures to the Mazzinian committees; and Rattazzi, before long, may find himself at war with these important and turbulent public bodies. The last time he held the Premiership, he contrived, with the help of the party of old Piedmont, to irritate the newly annexed provinces. Milan was no sooner emancipated from Austria than she became disaffected towards Piedmontese rule; and Italy will never consent to appreciate a Ministry that seeks to retain Turin for the metropolis of a sub-divided peninsula. Without a strong Parliamentary following, and without a truly Italian policy, the Cabinet will be in a position of much difficulty. The late Premier was personally unpopular, and the admini-

nistrative action of his Ministry was ridiculously feeble. But his programme was the programme of Cavour, and, consequently, of all Italian patriots. Rattazzi is courteous and affable, experienced in administration, and capable of conciliating men. But as yet he has put forward no truly national programme. Italy asks for bread, and he has got nothing to give her but the stoniest of stones.

The state of Italian affairs this spring is such that an Italian Ministry cannot dispense with a programme. Simultaneously with the accession of the Piedmontese party, M. Billault has put forward in the French Senate a statement of French policy which will be extremely unsatisfactory throughout Italy. *Quies non movere* is a very excellent motto for quiet times, but as regards Italy and Rome the times are anything but quiet. We cannot count upon a perpetual display of patience on the part of the Italians. Dissatisfaction at Rome is growing hourly to a head. The eternal *non possumus* of the Pope will before long be answered by dangerous and, perhaps, no longer bloodless demonstrations within earshot of the Vatican. During the last year curiosity and expectation have held the elements of Italian disorder in suspension. This cannot last for ever. Mazzini and his stormy petrels of revolution will, before long, appear upon the waves. It is true that the state of feeling in the Peninsula is uncertain, and that the Italian people can hardly be said to have a clear view as to what should next be done. They have, however, impetuous instincts, which tell them that the unity of Italy cannot be considered as secure until Rome and Venice are taken respectively from foreigners and priests. In the spring of 1860, even Cavour was powerless to stem the torrent of enthusiasm which seemed likely to carry everything before it. The Lombards and the Romagnols were only diverted from a premature raid on Venetia or the sacred territory of the Church, by the opportune outbreak in the two Sicilies. It is certain that the nation's passion for completing its independence is again rising to a storm. Rattazzi cannot hope to tame down the feeling to harmony with the wishes of France. Nor is Victor Emmanuel strong enough to dare to be unconstitutional. Italy owes much to the animal courage of her first elected king. Yet Naples, Lombardy, Tuscany, and Romagna, would not accept with indifference unconstitutional government at the hands of a Piedmontese court. If the Mazzinian faction is to be beaten, it must be beaten by offering the country a policy as national if not as desperate and reckless as their own.

The wisest alliance which the new Ministers can possibly form is a personal alliance with Garibaldi. If that victorious soldier were as wise as he is generous and unselfish, he might, at the present emergency, again deserve the gratitude of his fellow-citizens. Such a political league would go far to conquer the pardonable suspicion that Rattazzi is nothing but the tool of Napoleon III. There is an air of Gallicanism about the present Cabinet that will damage it irretrievably if something be not speedily done. The Marquis Pepoli is by no means a wise appointment; and it may safely be predicted that no Ministry can stand in Italy which is publicly supposed to be connected by diplomatic wires with the Imperial closet of the Tuileries. Garibaldi's name would be a pledge that the Rattazzi Ministry was independent of French influence. It would also be a security that the new Minister was not prepared to relinquish altogether the foreign policy which has hitherto satisfied the restless subjects of a provincial sovereign. Without some such combination it would be Quixotic to hope that matters can remain on their present footing. The terrible problem has not yet been solved—who is there who can hope to wear the mantle of Cavour?

It is much to be desired that Europe would leave Italy alone. Lord Russell, about whose Liberal sympathies there can be little doubt, would be what he so much wishes to be, a more complete letter writer, if he were not so fond of writing letters. Ricasoli is said to have felt very strongly at the last some gratuitous observations addressed to him by the English Minister in the name of European civilization. Our interference should be limited to keeping Piedmont from attacking Austria, and France from coercing Piedmont. The Italian nation is perfectly capable of walking without the leading-strings of the most constitutional of Whigs. We cannot believe that it is our business to be continually scrutinizing the internal acts of the Italian Government. The best thing we can do for Italy is to treat her as a grown and adult nation. Candid friends are often in the right; but their intervention is often impertinent, and almost always disagreeable. It is not necessary that England should be so severely candid towards the Italians. Lord Normanby and his interrogations are tiresome and even malignant, and they ought to be more uniformly disregarded. The noble marquis, who represents the cause of European reaction, rises, perhaps, in his place to know if the English ministry has heard of the robbery of a diligence by disbanded Garibaldians; or the atrocious murder of a Papal bandit by hired assassins in the Piedmontese uniform. Her Majesty's Government have not heard of the awful transaction; but they will write to their ambassador at Turin to inquire into the facts, and the noble marquis may rest assured that they should feel it their duty, if the facts are true, to represent to the Turin cabinet, &c., &c. All this is extremely undesirable and uncalled for. It is no part of our business to put



Piedmont under that microscopic moral examination to which we were in the habit of subjecting the actions of the late King Bomba. The statesmen of Turin may be trusted to be humane without our reading them unnecessary and impertinent lessons. Let us cease this petty and perpetual supervision, and reserve our moral influence for a crisis at which all our moral influence may be wanted. *L'Italia farà da se.*

#### THE NEW LEGISLATIVE COUNCILS OF INDIA.

THE opening of the new Legislative Councils at Calcutta and the other seats of Government is the chief item of news brought by the last Indian mail. These bodies were called into existence by an act of last session, and their first sittings naturally excited a good deal of interest. Such assemblies, it is true, are not altogether new to India, and the people of Calcutta, at least, are quite familiar with the debates in the Council of the Governor-General, which was established in 1853, under Lord Dalhousie. But this body has now been so entirely remodelled that in its present shape it may be considered equally with the other councils the creation of the Act of last year. The changes thus made in the mode of conducting Indian legislation are of the most important character, and consist mainly of the two following points:—first, the establishment of local legislatures; and next, the admission of natives and non-official Europeans to a participation in making the laws. All matters of general interest, such as the public debt, the annual budget, and the military force, will, as heretofore, be under the exclusive control of the Imperial Council, over which the Governor-General presides; but the local affairs of each presidency will henceforth be left to the local council, where they will have the advantage of being discussed by a body of men all possessing a knowledge of the habits and institutions of the people for whom they are legislating, instead of by a council sitting in Calcutta, the greater part of whose members are acquainted only with Bengal. And at the same time each of these councils, imperial as well as local, is to be partly composed of natives and Europeans unconnected with the Government. The transition to this new phase of Indian legislation has been made so quietly, and with so few notes of preparation or warning, that there is some danger of its importance being overlooked. The Bill establishing these councils passed last year with so little discussion that, probably, till the arrival of the last mail, most people had forgotten that an important step had been taken towards the much desired object of decentralization in India, and that each Governor of a presidency and each Lieutenant-Governor of a province was now surrounded by a body of legislators, and empowered with their assistance to make laws and regulations within a limited jurisdiction.

The members of the Imperial Council are nominated by the Governor-General, with the exception of a few official persons who have seats by virtue of their office. Of those nominated, half at least must be unconnected with the Government, and each person will hold his seat for two years. The business will be conducted conversationally, and not by set speeches. The local councils are similarly constituted, the nominations being made by the local Governor. The business in these will be conducted by debates in the ordinary way. But all Acts passed by these councils will require the assent of the Governor-General, whose supremacy will thus be maintained. It is also provided that no Bill can be introduced into any of the local councils affecting the general financial arrangements, or any other subjects of imperial interest, without the permission of the Governor-General. The local councils will thus be kept within their proper limits. The first nominations to seats in the several councils have just been made, and seem to have given general satisfaction. The correspondent of the *Times* in his valuable letter from Calcutta, describes the first sittings of the Imperial Council, and appears to have been chiefly impressed with the magnificence of the Maharajah of Putteealla, who is a sovereign chief in his own state, though he also holds lands under the British Crown. There seems to have been some difficulty in persuading this potentate to sit with the other natives whom the Governor-General has called to his council, and who among native dignities have no claim to be ranked with the Maharajah. He has been, however, prevailed on to accept a seat, and takes precedence after the Governor-General and the Lieutenant-Governor. Already several Bills have been introduced, but time will be required to test the efficiency of the new system. In the mean time we shall endeavour to offer some estimate of the value of the changes we have mentioned, and for this purpose it will be necessary to glance at the working of the system which has been superseded.

Changes such as the present would have attracted more notice in the days of the Company, inasmuch as they then occurred at regular periods, and were therefore looked for. The privileges and revenues of the Company were usually renewed for periods of twenty years, and at every such renewal important changes took place. Beginning at 1793, and proceeding by periods of twenty years, we fall on one period which, subsequently to that date, is most marked by constitutional changes. Two such steps carry us to 1833, and one more to 1853. It is necessary to pause at both periods, as the present change is the

result of the experiments then made. Up to 1833 the Governors of the three presidencies had powers almost co-ordinate within their respective jurisdictions, but in that year the power of making laws and of granting money was taken away from the Governors of Madras and Bombay and committed to the Governor-General in Council,—that is, to five persons in all, of whom four formed the executive, the fifth having his time wholly free for legislation, and being thence called the “legislative member.” Thus the task of making laws for the whole of India, including the minutest details of police and municipal arrangements for the numerous and diversified peoples and provinces of that vast country, fell to five persons, of whom four were already fully occupied, and one only had leisure for the work. It would be difficult to find, in the history of government, any machinery so inadequate to the task prescribed. It is true that this unfortunate legislator had all the assistance which the eloquent despatches of the Directors could give him. In this part of their duty the honourable Directors never failed, and they point out, with the greatest complacency, that he is expected to acquire all the local information about the hundred different tribes of India which is necessary for his task. Able men—Lord Macaulay, among others—have occupied the post, but long before the twenty years had expired it was apparent that this plan of centralizing legislation had utterly failed.

In 1853, an important addition was made to the Council. Each local government was required to send a “legislative member” to the Council, and at the same time two judges of the Supreme Court were added to it. The first of these changes proved most beneficial, and strengthened the Council in its weakest point, the article of local knowledge,—the second did not prove so useful. The difficulty of legislating for remote provinces, was still the weak point of Indian legislation. Though each presidency was represented on the Council, it still remained the fact that the minute details of police and municipal arrangements were settled by a body of which one member only possessed local information. And it must be remembered that Madras differs as much from Bengal as France does from Russia, and knowledge of one presidency is no qualification for legislating for another. The consequence was great delay in carrying any measure for Madras or Bombay, from the necessity of frequent correspondence between the Calcutta Council and the local authorities. And the labour thus thrown on the local governments is not to be overlooked. One energetic governor declared, some years ago, that he could not undertake a certain measure, because the preliminary correspondence would bring him to his grave. There was, moreover, the dissatisfaction which was constantly felt by the local governments, at having the details of their measures thus settled by persons not sufficiently in possession of the exact circumstances of the case. The Legislative Council of 1853, hastened its fall by forgetting its exact position, which was solely that of a legislative body, and assuming the functions of the House of Commons in questioning the acts of the executive, and forming a regular opposition. India is not yet ripe for government by party, and the Legislative Council was not in any sense a representative body. The attitude which the Council thus unfortunately assumed was mainly due to the regulations and standing orders which Lord Dalhousie framed for the conduct of its business, and which, being similar to those of our House of Commons, induced the Council to imitate that assembly in substance as well as in form.

The present changes have all been made at the suggestion of Lord Canning, who has thus closed an administration, already marked by great reforms, with two measures which promise to be of great benefit to India. We have now reached the same policy in India which was acted on twenty years ago with reference to other parts of the empire. The mischief and absurdity of directing the details of a Madras police bill from Calcutta was quite as great as that of directing a sale of lands in the back settlements of Canada from the Colonial Office in Downing-street, a system long since abandoned. It may be hoped that the jealousy and antagonism between the Local Governments and the Supreme Governments at Calcutta, which has always more or less existed, and lately broke out into open rebellion, will be turned into wholesome rivalry. Lord Canning has frequently urged the importance of inviting the natives to take a share in legislation, not so much for the purpose of getting their advice, which might have been had before, but to give them a sense of responsibility and a greater interest in the stability of our empire. For every man there ought to be, in his own country, some path of ambition open. The good effect of admitting the native landowners to a share in administering the laws has been already felt, and we think it will be equally useful that they should take part in making them.

#### HUNGARY.

THE latest accounts that have reached this country from the east of Europe indicate no symptoms of improvement in the political relations of Austria and Hungary, but the material condition of the latter kingdom has suffered greatly during the last few months. The *Times* correspondent, writing from Pesth some time back, draws a

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melancholy comparison between the bright sunny days and brilliant skies that prevailed in summer, and the dull aspect of the present season of rain, thaw, and inundation; and implies that the internal condition is no less gloomy than the external appearance of the country. The peasants, while still suffering from the excesses perpetrated by the Austrian troops quartered upon them to extort payment of their taxes, have just been reduced to the greatest misery by overwhelming and almost unprecedented inundations of the Danube and its tributaries, and before they can shake off the effects of that misfortune their troubles will be increased by the horrors of enforced conscription, a "flesh-and-blood tax" which they resent with a bitterer hatred than all the other exactions under which they suffer. This hatred is all the more remarkable as the Magyars have always been the most military population in the Austrian dominions, and even now the Hungarian regiments are avowedly the finest portion of the Austrian army; but it is one thing to fight for their country and for a ruler that they love, and another to fight for an emperor by whose command their country has been devastated, and their noblest countrymen executed, imprisoned, or exiled. Difficult as it has proved to collect even the portion of the taxes that has been collected, it will be still more difficult to enforce the conscription. The same system of military pressure will be followed; troops will be sent to the disaffected districts,—practically every inhabited square mile in Hungary—and an armed force will carry out the pursuit of men with the same zealous cruelty with which they carried out the pursuit of money. No opposition can be offered; resistance is out of the question. Austrian regiments patrol every town and village, and the Austrian flag floats over every fortress. The increase of brigandage and rapine is the only result that can be anticipated, and that can produce nothing but additional misery, and the extension of the "standrecht,"—an anomalous combination of Austrian philanthropy and summary justice that has already been proclaimed in several of the Hungarian counties. This is a melancholy picture to contemplate, and a heavy price to pay for political principle, but let there be the smallest divergence on the part of the Hungarians from their policy of passive resistance and their legal position is lost. By the laws of 1848 their taxes must be levied by their own Diet, and all questions of conscription remain in the hands of their own War Minister at Pesth. Until these laws be repealed by lawful means, Austria has no legal right either to levy taxes or to enroll recruits in Hungary; yet both these acts of injustice are perpetrated openly in the sight of Europe, and the sullen protest of a disaffected country is the only opposition she encounters.

The question is as far from solution as it was six months ago, at the dissolution of the Hungarian Diet, and the *coup d'état* of M. Von Schmerling, while both countries are wearing out their energies with no result. For the present, matters are at a standstill, and nothing can be done; but looking to the future, three possible contingencies present themselves. Exhausted by her self-sacrificing policy, Hungary may ultimately yield to Austrian demands, give up her ancient constitution, send deputies to the Reichsrath, and become an appanage of the "middle empire;" or she may bear up until Austria, absolutely reduced by internal decay or by war from without, will be glad to let her separate and form an Eastern confederation for herself; or, in the third place, the Emperor may be warned in time, and be willing to make honest terms with a free Hungarian Diet, and thus unite the two kingdoms by a practicable alliance, instead of maintaining an impracticable constitution. Of these three contingencies, the first is the least probable and the last more immediately advantageous.

After eight centuries of freedom and self-government, and twelve years of national passive resistance, the Hungarians are not likely to give way at the very moment that their old oppressor is at his weakest. In the accounts of their present misfortunes that reach this country, there is not a word of concession, nor a whisper of an Austrian faction from one end of Hungary to the other. On the contrary, even "in official quarters at Vienna," it is allowed that the Hungarians "put a bold face upon it," and are as determined to maintain their rights now as they were when those rights were so clearly and forcibly enunciated by M. Deak in his celebrated speech last August. So much the warmest friends of Austria admit, but they shut their eyes to what is only too apparent to all who can look upon the question from an unprejudiced point of view, and that is that this determination is as unanimous as it is decided. The coercive measures introduced among the peasantry during the last twelve months by Austria, have brought their political condition home to the meanest cottagers, and when these measures, instead of being alleviated, are augmented by new exactions, the bitter antipathy to Austria must become still more intense. The circumstances attending the recent suicide of the royal commissioner at Pesth, is a strong indication of the feeling of the country. So long as that feeling is prevalent in Hungary she never will concede a point to Austria. It is much more probable that the anti-Austrian tendencies will increase until reconciliation becomes impossible. The rescript of last August, and the *provisorium* introduced at the dissolution of the Diet, have done more to strengthen the ultra party

in the country, and to sap Hungarian allegiance to the Hapsburg dynasty, than any other measures introduced since 1849. The ultra party is now numerically strong, and though apparently inactive, is in reality secretly energetic, and is even now looking anxiously out on every side for foreign assistance. Some months ago their eyes were turned towards Italy, but their hopes have temporarily died away as they hear of internal troubles ripening at Turin, and see that the Italian people are bent upon a career of physical rather than of military progress. In the north, for the moment, their hopes are stronger. Prussia has the power to help them, but not the will; she is moving in the right direction, but slowly and without decision. The increase of the liberal party in the Cabinet at Berlin, and the decrease of the Feudalists, point unequivocally in the direction of German unity and Prussian hegemony; the question of Hesse is pregnant with difficulties to the two leading states. A war between these two nations would be the fondest wish of many of the leading men in Hungary, as the cession of Venetia and the freedom of their country would be the inevitable result. Whether that wish is to be realized or not, cannot now be known, but the bare possibility of its accomplishment is a striking indication of the radical decay of Austria. Eastwards they look with mingled feelings. How far the Roman Confederation in Moldavia and Wallachia, under Prince Cousa, is likely to support them, or how far they can calculate upon the sympathy of the Slavonic nations in Servia, Bosnia, and Bulgaria, it is impossible to foresee, but, for better or worse, Hungary can now rely upon Croatia, Slavonia, and Transylvania. Centuries of brotherhood and the enjoyment of free institutions have produced an intimate connection between these countries, which adversity has fostered into friendship, and distrust of Austria has strengthened into close alliance. From these two nations, it is true, she cannot reap much practical benefit so long as they, like her, exist under the black shadow of imperial despotism; but the time may come when a great confederation may be formed—the nucleus of which already exists in the union of the Roman states,—extending down the Danube valley from Presbourg to Galatz, over a territory whose riches are inexhaustible; which is traversed by railroads and navigable rivers in all directions; and which possesses commodious harbours on both the Euxine and the Adriatic. Such a contingency might ultimately prove the best for Hungary, but there are grave and almost insurmountable difficulties in the way of its accomplishment.

Reconciliation with Austria, on the basis of just rights, is the best policy both for Hungary and Austria; but mutual mistrust may prolong their separation, until both nations are reduced to ruin. Let Francis Joseph be the first to make concessions. The history of the relations of his house with Hungary should give him ample grounds of confidence in her fidelity, if he only be faithful to himself and her. Let him give up his impracticable constitution, which answers no conceivable purpose, but which will figure in the pages of history as unworthy and ridiculous. Let him act in a straightforward, generous manner; let him reinstate Hungary in her rights, restore her constitution and her Diet, recognize the laws of 1848, and re-establish the violated dignity of the apostolic crown by his own coronation at Pesth. Then he may look with confidence for equitable concessions and honest compromise on the part of the free Hungarian Diet, and peace and prosperity, instead of disaffection and misery, may be in store both for Austria and Hungary.

#### DUELLING.

THE vagaries of the Irish gentleman who prides himself on being called "The" instead of "Mr.," as if there still existed a horde of bare-legged savages of the same name, of whom he had a claim to be recognized as the type, raise several questions of greater interest than might have been expected to attach to the fancies of an O'Donoghue. What is to be said of the desuetude of duelling? The system itself, considered as a department of criminal law, which was the only form under which it was possible to attempt to defend it, was almost grotesquely absurd, for it was a system in which there was no relation at all between the punishment and the offence, and in which the innocent were at least as likely to be punished as the guilty. Besides this, it continually caused frightful private calamities, which were alleviated by no adequate compensation. The death of M. Armand Carrel was a national misfortune to France, unmitigated by any consoling circumstances. A wise and honourable man, whose life was of the highest value, was shot dead simply to give emphasis to his protest against assertions which he thought injurious to his character. Such a duel was merely an elaborate way of proving the value which a man attached to his reputation. "I did not do it, and in order to emphasize my denial, I will risk my life in support of it." The absurdity of the institution, when viewed in connection with its vitality, is indeed the principal reason for examining its character. If so foolish a practice had not had some considerable conveniences, it would not have lasted so long. If it had conveniences, are we the worse for the want of them,—have we discovered any new mode of procuring them,—or if not, can we do so? Many points used to be urged in defence of duelling, but two only were of much real interest. It was said to



supply a rough, but not inefficient means, of preventing gross acts of rudeness; and it was also said to afford the only possible means of punishing many cruel injuries against which the law affords no protection. There is every reason to believe that the first of these pleas was false in fact. Duelling undoubtedly put into the hands of those who were bold and reckless a weapon by which, if they were so minded, they might repress personal rudeness, and no doubt they sometimes used it for that purpose; but, on the other hand, bold and reckless men are less likely to be insulted than any other class in the community, and the institution of duelling must have encouraged more bad manners, by the temptation which it held out to such men to air their courage at the expense of their neighbours, than it suppressed by the means which it gave them of vindicating their own rights.

The other plea is more important, because no doubt it is true in fact, and the question is, what is proved by the fact which it alleges? There are undoubtedly cruel injuries—perhaps some of the most cruel which men can inflict on each other—against which the law gives no protection at all, or at least none which is not always most uncertain, and often even worse than the injury complained of. There are many slanders of which the law takes no notice, but which if put in circulation might make the life of a man of honour a burden to him. Many of the slanders of which the law does take notice may be insinuated in such a manner, or it may be so hard to give legal proof of the fact that they have been made, that there is absolutely no legal protection against them. The same remark applies to almost every injury that men can inflict upon women. A woman's reputation may be injured for life by means too subtle to be weighed in legal scales, even if public discussion itself were not often the most cruel of all hardships on the injured person. Every one in private life at times hears stories of the most cruel wrongs done to women apart from all questions of reputation. Such wrongs may frequently poison the happiness of a whole lifetime, and yet the man who inflicts them is perfectly safe, and those who would willingly risk life or limb in defence of the person injured or for the punishment of the wrongdoer, must sit still and do nothing. Absurd as it was in many ways, duelling undoubtedly did reach cases of this kind. It did to some extent operate to make men careful as to what they said and did in matters on which under our present system, every one is free to follow the dictates of nature or jealousy or passion with hardly any external restraint. It also unquestionably enabled people to revenge wrongs which now pass altogether unrevenged, though no doubt at a corresponding personal risk of a most serious kind. Passing over the obvious remarks which conclusively prove that the inconveniences of the means by which these results were partially attained were far greater than the advantages of the results themselves, it still remains a question, and it is not altogether an easy one, whether the results themselves were valuable; and whether, if they were, they can be obtained by any other means which it is in the power of society, as at present constituted, to employ.

If such means were employed at all, they must be in the nature of a system of penalties generically similar to those of criminal law, and capable of being enforced, at the option of the party injured, with sufficient certainty and ease to operate as a real check on those who are inclined to commit the sort of offences at which they are levelled. Would the existence of such penalties be desirable, either for the suppression of offences against manners or for the suppression of offences of the graver kind referred to? Those who are best acquainted with the nature of penal systems will feel least difficulty in answering both these questions in the negative. The essence of every such system is, that both the offence and the penalty should be definite. It would be necessary to have some sort of court of honour or analogous tribunal, which, under given circumstances, would compel people to make apologies or the like under specific penalties. The impossibility, and even the absurdity, of any such tribunal are so obvious that they would probably appear self-evident to most people, but it is often no easy matter to assign the reasons for self-evident conclusions. In this case the reason is that there is a fundamental contradiction between the thing to be done and the only possible means of doing it. The invention and application to individual cases of any code of laws is not only an intellectual process, but it is of all such processes the one in which the intellect displays the most marked predominance over every other part of human nature, and especially over the feelings. The very essence of the process is to impose upon all sorts of actions a rigid classification, to affix to them consequences regulated thereby, and to apply their rules with as little elasticity, and as little regard to the peculiar features of individual cases as possible. Law of all kinds is proverbially harsh and stern, and it not only must but ought to be so. Manners, on the contrary, are nothing else than modes of expressing different shades of feeling. Offences against them are injurious because they shock the feelings of those whom they injure, and their heinousness is and must be measured by the degree in which they shock those feelings. To attempt to subject them to anything like even a quasi-legal classification would be to destroy the object for which they exist.

This observation certainly does not apply to the graver class of offences on which the practice of duelling did place some restraint, and which at present incur no specific punishment at all. Why, for example, it may be asked, should there not be some tribunal authorized to convict a man of seduction under trust; of having abused for base purposes opportunities afforded him by the confidence of friendship, relationship, or the like; and, further, authorized solemnly to declare his character infamous? Such an adjudication, it might be said, would inflict an adequate punishment on many worse offences

than those which at present entail penal servitude or imprisonment. Such offences, it might be added, would be readily proved and easily defined, and the interest which society at large has in their suppression, is, perhaps, greater than its interest in the suppression of thieving. The answer to this is, that the power of opinion and sympathy is already so great that it would be most unwise to give it legal shape, and attract to it penal consequences. We are all ready enough to hate and detest conduct which shocks our sympathies, and we have a thousand ways of making the effects of that hatred and detestation tangibly felt; but though sympathy and antipathy, love and hatred, are the great motive powers of life, and give it all, or nearly all, its interest, it by no means follows that they ought to be made the basis of a system of positive rewards and punishments. From punishing seduction because it is selfish and treacherous the step to punishing other forms of selfishness and treachery is short; and thus, in the course of time, society would establish over individual morality not merely that elastic control which it exercises at present by the general consent of those who submit to it, but a direct, tangible government, which would probably become the most merciless of tyrannies.

The only remaining observation to be made on the gap left by duelling in our social arrangements is with reference to its bearing on the subject of revenge. Duelling certainly afforded a recognized means by which men could revenge themselves, or at least have a chance of revenging themselves, for individual wrongs. Of that satisfaction they are now deprived. It is a curious fact that two of our greatest moralists, and the two who are supposed to be most widely opposed to each other by persons who are unacquainted with their writings—Butler and Bentham,—both agree in recognizing the passion for revenge as part of our nature, and as a part which, like all others, has its legitimate satisfactions. Revenge, according to Bentham, is one of the pleasures of malevolence, which form one of the fifteen classes of pleasures of which human happiness is according to him composed; and Butler says that "just indignation against cruelty and wrong is one of the instruments of death which the author of our nature has provided." He adds that there "plainly is occasion for resentment—as a balance to the feeling of compassion." If then, duelling provided a "pleasure of malevolence," and if it afforded means for the satisfaction of one of the first principles of human nature in cases of cruelty and wrong, and if no other means have been, or can be, invented for the application of that principle to such cases, has not the abolition of duelling left a gap in our arrangements in this respect? The answer must be that it undoubtedly has left such a gap, and that though the remedy was, from circumstances, far worse than the disease, yet it was a sort of remedy for a real disease for which there is at present no remedy at all. No doubt, it was a tangible advantage that men who had been grievously injured should be able to satisfy their just indignation against those who had so injured them. The difficulty was that, in the course of performing that laudable and proper operation, they took their chance of destroying the life of another person, risked their own life, and broke the law; all which put together counterbalanced the advantage of satisfying their just and lawful desire to be revenged. No one doubts that revenge is a good thing when it can be lawfully gratified. If a man prosecutes to conviction, and so procures the execution of his deceased wife's murderer, there is no sort of doubt that he does quite right, and every one is glad that he should have a lawful means of revenging himself. The reason why the law does not allow him to shoot the seducer of his wife, is not that revenge is a bad thing in itself, but that it is not advisable that people should be allowed to revenge themselves in that manner. That the feelings which such a crime produces in the mind of the person injured should have no satisfaction at all, is an evil and a considerable one; but as it arises directly from the constitution of human nature, it is an evil which must be admitted and borne with.

One collateral advantage connected with the abolition of duelling deserves notice, because it forms an exception to the ordinary course of affairs. Many of our most eminent writers have lately lamented, not without a good deal of justice, that modern habits of thought and feeling tend to impose a petty tyranny upon the minds of mankind, by teaching them to attach too much importance to the opinions and feelings of their fellow creatures. This is perfectly true, but it is, at least, equally true that the abolition of duelling has destroyed one of the strongholds by means of which public opinion exercised its dominion. Nine-tenths of the duels which were fought, were fought because the combatants had the fear of the public before their eyes. In the present day, men may act towards each other pretty much as they like, and as even real wrongs go unpunished, mere public sympathy and approbation—ill-informed as it usually is—have far less hold on moderately well-disciplined minds than they formerly had.

#### THE SUSPENSION OF PROFESSOR RENAN'S LECTURES.

AMIDST the hubbub occasioned by the affair of General Montauban, and by the fracas in the French senate, another hardly less remarkable instance of Casarean indiscretion seems likely to meet with less attention than it deserves. Professor Renan's reputation has been of such rapid growth that we may not impossibly be stating what is new to some of our readers, when we mention that the man whose lectures were the other day suspended, is one of the greatest French writers now living—nay, probably the very

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greatest, if we put out of sight a few men such as Guizot, Villemain, and Lamartine, whose names belong less to the present than to the past.

A year or two ago, a lady who was an intimate friend of Queen Hortense, and had known Louis Napoleon from his boyhood, drew his attention to the great literary merits of Monsieur Ernest Renan. The Emperor, ever anxious to attract to his side the leading minds of France, listened with interest, and lost no time in casting about for some means to get Monsieur Renan into his service. This, however, was not so easy, for Monsieur Renan was a member of what we may call the party of the Institut, and was utterly opposed to the existing state of things. At length, however, an interview was arranged, and a series of negotiations commenced, which ended in Monsieur Renan's agreeing to go to Syria, with a view to carrying out, under the auspices of the French Government, explorations and excavations amongst the old Phœnician cities.

Although it was generally known that this mission had nothing of a political character, not a few of the friends of Monsieur Renan disapproved of his accepting it, and some of them have spoken very decidedly on the subject. For our own part, looking on the transaction from an English point of view, we cannot find the slightest shade of impropriety in it. Although, like every good citizen, Monsieur Renan had clear and defined political views, and although, like almost every honourable man of letters in France, he made no secret of his detestation of a system which is antagonistic to all freedom of thought and action, he is yet by profession a *savant*, not a politician. We know, from a conversation with him many months before his introduction to the Emperor, that an opportunity of carrying out researches in Phœnicia was the wish of his life. He went thither, and he returned thence, unpledged to the Government. His journey was saddened by a most melancholy event in his family, but he accomplished his object, and has come back to prepare for the press a great work on Phœnician antiquities, and to put into shape the numerous new ideas which he gained in the East. We believe that we are correct in stating that he wrote amidst the scenes which are, above all others, hallowed to the feelings and imagination of Christendom, that portion of a great book on the origin of Christianity—hereafter to see the light—which treats of the life of Jesus Christ. A month or two after his return, the Imperial Government appointed him to the chair of Hebrew. His fitness for this post is beyond dispute. The *Times* correspondent, who praised his learning in a somewhat qualified way, might have used much stronger language. He is incomparably the first Semitic scholar in France, and is one of the very few Frenchmen whom the proudest of German *literati* allow to be on a level with themselves in learning, while they speak with the highest admiration of his immeasurably greater skill in clothing his ideas in simple and eloquent language. On this point we may speak with some certainty, because it is only a few weeks since we had the pleasure of conveying to Monsieur Renan the cordial congratulations of the greatest German scholar whose line of study has coincided with his labours. Some symptoms of disapprobation having reached the ears of Government, when Monsieur Renan's appointment was first talked of, it was proposed that the title of the chair to which he was nominated should be the "Professorship of the Semitic Languages as compared with each other," and not the old title of "Professorship of Hebrew." And now comes the absurdity of the whole transaction. Every one who knew anything about French literature knew that Monsieur Renan was not only a great Semitic scholar, but a religious thinker of the most advanced description. We are not concerned to pass any criticism on his views, but his views, such as they are, were as well known as the Arc de l'Etoile. His whole previous history was open to the day, and yet the appointment was allowed to go forward. We will give, in the fewest possible words, a sketch of Monsieur Renan's life, in order that our readers may see how completely notorious to all the educated world in France was the position in which he stood.

Monsieur Renan was born in Brittany in the year 1823, and is a true child of that poetical and impulsive region. He was educated for the Catholic priesthood, and he has remained to the present hour essentially a theologian. All his speculations, wherever they begin, run up into religion. All his interests, wide-sweeping as they are, are connected with that subject. Very early, however, he found that he could no longer pursue his studies for the priesthood with a good conscience. He announced his change of opinion, refusing the most brilliant offers, and devoted himself to the life of a man of letters. In the year 1847, when only twenty-four years of age, he gained the Volney prize for an essay on the Semitic languages, in which he applied to the group of tongues to which the Hebrew belongs, the same processes which Bopp and others have used with so much effect in investigating the relations of the various forms of speech of the Indo-European races. His "*Histoire des Langues Sémitiques*," which appeared a few years afterwards, had immense success amongst intelligent readers, and there is no doubt that the concluding part of it will, when it is published, find equal acceptance in the eyes of the small class of scholars for whom it is destined. His other works have followed in rapid succession his first, and, up to this time, most considerable performance. The chief of these are a treatise on the origin of language, which has been made known to English readers by a work which Mr. Farrar has founded on it; a translation of the Song of Songs and of the Book of Job; two volumes of essays on various literary, artistic, and philosophical subjects; a series of occasional papers, published under the title, "*Etudes d'Histoire Religieuse*," and a monograph on Averroes.

No one could read any one of these works without seeing that their author was not exactly the sort of professor who would be agreeable to the Ultramontane party. Mr. Jowett would hardly be welcomed as a colleague at Oscott, and it would have been scarcely prudent to recommend Dr. Newman as a successor to the late Head Master of Eton; but the ways of thinking of Mr. Jowett and Dr. Newman are not more matters of notoriety amongst educated people in London than are the views of Monsieur Renan amongst educated people in Paris. How, then, are we to account for the appointment and the still more remarkable suspension?

Poor M. Rouland is hardly, perhaps, to blame, although his ignorance of literary matters is a standing joke amongst his countrymen. The Emperor is, we suspect, responsible for the whole transaction. Now, the Emperor was educated in a school which did not oppose Catholicism; it simply ignored it, and all other forms of Christianity along with it. We are pretty sure that we are not using a hyperbolic expression when we say that, till the events of 1848-49, Louis Napoleon never found out that there was such a thing as religion in France. The extent to which religion had died out amongst active-minded Frenchmen in the first half of this century is most curious. We do not mean to say this or that form of religion, which we may happen to prefer, but the interest in the subject altogether. We remember meeting, some years ago, with a little book intended for popular circulation in Paris, written by some one who had evidently just found out that the Bible was really a most remarkable production, and announcing the fact in the most perfect good faith. The fact is, that the Roman Catholic priesthood had drawn the reins so tight, that two generations had to pass away before people of intelligence began to reflect that, although the priests were unquestionably wrong, perhaps religion might be something more than an invention to enslave the human mind. Louis Napoleon, however, belongs to the *pre-religious* period, and when he discovered that religion was not dead,—nay, that Ultramontanism was strong amongst the clergy, and that, even amongst highly-gifted men, people like the Prince de Broglie were possible phenomena,—he did not know what to make of it.

It is not unnatural that he should attribute to this force, the existence of which came upon him as a surprise, more importance than is really due to it as a factor in political events. Hence, amongst other things, his irresolution in the Roman question. In the case before us, there can be no doubt that he might, with safety, have treated the disturbances at Professor Renan's inaugural lecture as a simple affair of police. That such disturbances would occur, was perfectly well known in Paris quite three weeks ago. It is difficult to say how much harm may be done to the Imperial Government by too frequently yielding to the noisy protests of enemies who vent their spite by interrupting plays and lectures. Not to have appointed Professor Renan, would have been but a small matter. "Here is another instance," people would have said, "of an able man passed over on account of his political opinions." First, however, to appoint him, and then to suspend him in deference to the clamour of the Ultramontane faction, is to give the bitterest enemies of the present régime a most unnecessary triumph. The constant recurrence of small blunders and scandals is dangerous to any Government; but Louis Napoleon has one great advantage over most rulers. He thoroughly understands the people which he rules, and he is determined to rule it. When, then, a sufficient number of mistakes has been made to threaten a diminution of his *prestige*, he will know, by some brilliant *coup*, by some roll of the *tambour*, once more to fanaticize the light heads of his subjects. Let the army sniff a little blood, or the "many-headed" sniff a little glory, and all will be well for the next five years. The best spirits in the country may be driven to despair, but what does he care for that, in comparison with the continuance of his power? Napoleon III. is well, not to say profoundly read, in the history of the Cæsars, and has not forgot what Domitian did and what he did not do with impunity.

"Sed perit postquam cordonibus esse timendus  
Cooperat: hoc nocuit Lamiarum cæde madenti."

#### ON TAKING A HOUSE.

In the Vivarium at the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, the curious spectator may watch with interest the actions of the Hermit Crab whilst in search of a new house. The corpus of this crab, which appears to be of a remarkably juicy and tender description, unfortunately comes into the world without that crustaceous house with which his commoner brethren are provided,—consequently he is obliged to seek some habitation built by other architects, and the domicile he generally prefers is the spiral conch of some defunct whelk. It is the funniest thing to watch him looking out for a new house. With his long claws he turns over the shells that strew the bottom of the vivarium, and when he sees one to his liking he tries it on with the delicacy of a "swell" easing on a coat by Stultz. He gently backs in with a wriggle, backs out, and tries a fresh method of investiture, and if it finally is found to fit walks off with the whelk-shell over stones and rocks in the most dainty manner. He is not satisfied long, however, for as his corpus grows, the fit becomes too tight, and larger premises are required. How many of us are in a dilemma somewhat similar to the hermit crab! Our premises are getting too small for the increasing family, consequently we have to crawl and poke over empty whelk-shells scattered about the West End to find one fitted to receive our growing and tender nursery. We don't know what the feelings of the hermit crab may be at trying on a new whelk-shell, but this we



know, a change of house is a thing which disturbs us mightily. Even an old pair of slippers are not easily replaced by new ones. How much, then, must a sensitive man dislike to change his house, full of associations; where his children have been born and brought up; behind the doors of which you leave the marks of their growth; perchance in whose chambers yet hover the ghosts of departed dear ones. An old house so grows upon a man that it is some time before he can believe in any other; it has been, as it were, a part of his being, and he can no longer judge fairly of its defects than he could judge rightly of the defects on his own face. What a common thing it is to hear one friend say of another, "I wonder how he can live in such a place." Possibly he may have wondered himself how he could have done so at first, but in this instance familiarity breeds quite the opposite feeling to contempt. This settled feeling, which every man has, that, all things considered, his own house is the best within his reach, considerably prejudices him in looking out for a new one.

When you have really set out in search of a new house, how little the house agent's catalogue tells you! What brave representations and what bald results encounter you! As well may you depend upon the auction stock phrase, "all that capital message," as upon the descriptions clever agents beguile the public with. When the hunt is not too much prolonged, there is, to some, a singular fascination in looking out for a house. To settle where you shall strike your roots for the next fourteen years is no inconsiderable matter. In a degree it is like moving into a new country,—what streets you will have to traverse on your way home, what is the look-out, what are the neighbours like, all these are questions which are anything but trifles to a man who will be exposed to their influences for years. But the aspect of the house itself is enough, generally, to determine the choice of a sensitive person. Who, with a fine sense of the fitness of things, would willingly, for instance, take a house approached by a steep flight of steps? When a man comes home tired from his day's work, his door should seem to welcome him, instead of repelling by keeping him off until he has performed a certain amount of tread-wheel motion. In large towns, and especially in the metropolis, no house is allowed to have a character of its own, either good or bad. Our domiciles are like ourselves, too much alike. How could any man, possessing a marked individuality, take a house in Belgravia or Tyburnia, where whole streets of houses seem cast in moulds, like so many bullets? What a weariness of mind takes possession of a man who has to perambulate such neighbourhoods! The policeman, for instance, whose beat is along Harley-street, or one of those deep trenches, for they can scarcely be called streets, which run north and south, and see the sun but for half an hour in the day—what vacuity of mind must possess him!

That our new neighbourhoods thus finished all to one pattern by some great builder are productive of a certain amount of mental disease we have no doubt. How infinitely preferable to such thoroughfares are those old straggling streets where different men have age after age moulded their houses into a hundred quaint and irregular forms; even if the forms be ugly they are diverse, and therefore a thousand times more interesting to the eye than the dull monotony of pillar and cornice, cornice and pillar, which the architect flatters himself represents the grace and purity of some Grecian order. If a man of intellect take such a house, he takes it as a dog would seek a kennel, merely as a place to go in and out of,—it represents no human thought or mental impression. Fancy the difference of feeling the member of some old family must experience on entering his old house at home and his new house in town. This is an extreme case, but it shows how man can stamp his own mind upon even bricks and mortar. If a man is on the look out for a town house, where can he turn in the hope of having his ideas fully satisfied? At South Kensington they are repeating the errors of Belgravia and Tyburnia; he feels as much a want of individuality wherever he goes as a bee must among his honey-comb cells. Ground landlords measure out one's habitations into limited squares as remorselessly as the instinct of the bee packs together his domiciles into hexagons. Any man accustomed to the rambling, irregular nature of country houses, open to the wind and weather on all sides, feels an absolute sense of suffocation at being boxed up in a row—crushed in, as it were, by the rank and file of houses on either hand, which seem to be continually dressing up to make the sense of suffocation greater. If fashion will crowd together, however, fashionables must expect to be pinched. Yet our great-grandfathers managed to consult fashion and convenience at the same time. There is an old neighbourhood, much beloved of lawyers with large families, which represents the *haut ton* of houses a hundred and fifty years ago; Great Ormond-street and Queen-square, Bloomsbury, belong to the period when fardingales were so big that staircases were spacious enough for the passage of a coach. In Great Ormond-street, especially, there are some noble mansions—a little gloomy, perhaps, but stamped with the heavy dignity of the period they represent. The wainscoting of polished oak or cedar may not be quite so lively as a French paper, but possesses much more character; moreover, the possessor was never annoyed to find that his rooms were lined with exactly the same sprig pattern as a score of new houses to the right and left of him. There is something, too, in the fine brickwork of that period, which takes a critical eye. It was substantial without any pretence,—unlike our modern mansions, daubed over with a certain odious cement, which gives fashionable London the appearance of having been moulded out of mud;—nay, we are assured that the plaster is, in some cases, adulterated with road sweepings, hence the stains of green vegetation which make them look so hideous. The author of "Vanity Fair," in taste as in story, thus reverts to the time of our great

grandfathers, and his new house in Kensington Palace-gardens may have been one of the old Bloomsbury mansions bodily removed.

As men must be content to live in streets and rows in great towns, there is nothing more to be said about the matter; but there is as much difference, we contend, between street and street as between face and face. A street may be gloomy or bright, damp or dry, hot or cold, according to the manner in which it is built and the direction in which it lies. We have already entered our protest against the Harley-street class of thoroughfare, for the reason that it runs north and south, and rarely lets in the sunlight. But there is another class of street equally objectionable, and as the objection arises out of the cupidity of builders, we fear it will be an increasing one. We allude to the tendency to build tremendously high, regardless of the width of the roadway. Let us take, as an instance, Victoria-street, Westminster. To justify such elevations, the thoroughfare should have been double its present width. As it is, the part that is finished presents such a sullen, forbidding aspect, that half the finished houses are unlet, and the builders seem in despair at finishing the gaunt carcasses which stand so black and sunless on either hand. Then, again, its length is very objectionable; a street of a mile in length, even filled, like Oxford-street, with shops, is fatiguing enough, but imagine, good reader, having to traverse three or four hundred doors with exactly the same knockers and the same amount of social distinction between servants and visitors in the bell department, with the self-same style of windows and window-blinds!

If we seek the suburban districts, we are met, for the most part, with the like sameness of design as we do in town, though of a different kind. The semi-detached villa is the height of gentility, fitted for genteel people with about £300 a year. How these genteel people can find any pleasure in contemplating a strip of fore-court, misnamed a garden on the strength of a stunted cypress-tree not much bigger than a fox's brush, in a centre bed, and a wretched shrub or two at the sides, is always a mystery to us. Do the genteel people who inhabit them never grow sick of contemplating the rows of foxes' tails, as they pass along in the street; and are they not tired of the monotonous manner in which the laburnum-trees join hands, as it were, over the damp garden walls? and do they not see the imbecility of having to traverse a meandering narrow slip of gravel path, laid out in an artificial, romantic manner, with an eye to direct the attention from the ash-pit behind the laurestinus-bush? From the thousands of such pretentious mockeries lining our great suburban roads in all directions, we fear these genteel abodes must exactly hit the taste of a very large per-centage of the population; better far, a wayside cottage, with an ivy-covered porch, or a clustering jessamine, picturesque in its weather-worn walls, and tiles bright with emerald stone-crop. As a rule, all good suburban houses rather avoid than seek to display their graces to the passer-by. If in your rambles you come upon some old place with its back turned, curmudgeon-like, to the road, be sure the sunlight plays brightly on the other side upon green swards and gay parterres. In house-hunting, make a point of looking behind these forbidding old houses as eagerly as you would get inside an old convent wall. In the neighbourhood of London there used to be scores of these old mansions, dull, demure-looking structures, generally of red brick, time stained until they harmonized with the verdure around. At the side, perhaps, you would see the black branch of a cedar of Lebanon projecting like a witch's lean and meagre arm. These houses are disappearing fast, to make way for the snug citizen's villa; but a few yet remain, to tell us of the stately tastes of those ancestors we are so apt to despise.

It is among such old places that we generally look for haunted houses. We suppose it is impossible for ghosts to live in well-lit, cheerful domiciles; at all events, they never take up their quarters in new houses, and genteel villas they seem to detest; and we confess we rather applaud their taste in this particular. Your fine old solemn mansion is, however, sure at some time of its existence to contract a ghost, and if it is gloomy enough, or has a dark yew-tree or two shading its courts, it is pretty sure to keep it. Spiritual personages of all kinds, from the old monks downwards, are certain to be associated with comfortable quarters, and be sure that a haunted house has some very good parts about it; and an advertisement for one of these afflicted tenements will often succeed in procuring the very kind of place a person with a little poetry in his composition would like to have. There is another kind of haunted house, however, which always strikes us with dismay—the house haunted by the Court of Chancery. In the country there may be something sentimental in the dreary, hopeless state of a human habitation, as poor Hood has shown; but there is something horribly repulsive in the appearance of a house in town in this deplorable condition. There is a place in St. Giles's hill which is slowly perishing of law, dirt, and filth, in the midst of the ever-flowing stream of human life; and in Stamford-street, Southwark, again, there are several in a like condition—their windows smashed, their paint decayed, and the iron work rusting, but still holding out—ghastly spectacles of the self-imposed ruin of their owners. Sometimes the bill-stickers will boldly take possession; and we remember a house in Long-acre that was in this way pasted up, hermetically sealed, by huge posters, displaying gigantic trowsers equally tenantless.

What a chapter might be written on the class of Arabs who take care of houses! This subject, however, is a psychological study that cannot be discussed at the end of an article, and we may take another opportunity of considering the subject in the light it deserves.

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## CARDINAL WISEMAN'S PASTORAL.

We are gratified to learn, upon the highest possible authority, that the faithful of the diocese of Westminster are not debarred by the conventional restrictions of the present season from the enjoyment of "dripping and lard" at "dinner and collation." Nor are those refreshing condiments the only luxuries accorded by the indulgent rulers of the Church to the dining-table of the modern penitent. "The rigour of your fast," says the Archbishop of Westminster, "we have mitigated in condescension to the feebleness of ordinary constitutions in our day." Cheese and eggs under certain restrictions, and flesh meat upon "all days except Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, and Ember Saturday," are allowed to supplement the scanty bill of fare, which the austerity of a ruder age at once devised, practised, and enforced. The cooler enthusiasm, or enfeebled digestive energy of the nineteenth century, has necessitated a compliance, of which those who are its immediate objects must feel half ashamed. The Cardinal, however, is a man of his age, and "condescends" with creditable readiness to its flagging zeal and increased necessities. Anchorites and hermits belong, like stone-arrow heads and petrified ichthyosaurs, to another and robuster epoch than our own, and the attempt to reproduce them could result only in disgrace and disappointment. As Canning observed shrewdly in the song:—

"All those old fellows—Lord preserve us,—  
Knew no such thing as being nervous."

And it is quite certain that increased sensitiveness has followed in the track of multiplied enjoyments and busier lives, and that the frames of our contemporaries are as little fit, as their minds are little disposed, for a *régime* of hair shirts, stone cells, bare feet, empty stomachs, and the other traditional privileges of the cloister. Cardinal Wiseman has, however, other and sublimer topics than the dietary regulations of a single district. It is only, in fact, after an extended flight across the scene of modern politics, that he stoops at last to the vulgar necessities of the appetite, and issues his good-natured fiat as to lard and dripping. The steam-hammer smashes a steel bar or cracks an egg-shell with equal facility, and the Cardinal's capacious intellect passes without an effort from the consideration of empires, the rise and fall of dignities, and the prospects of the Catholic Church, to the constituent elements of pie-crust, and the orthodox manner of frying fish. The afflictions of martyred Italy, the groans of an outcast priesthood, the tears and prayers of the Supreme Pontiff, the agonies of uncomplaining Ireland, the Hartley Colliery accident, the shipping casualties of the year,—are all touched upon in a strain of that highly ornate and impassioned rhetoric, which, though appropriate enough beneath the sunny skies of Italy, sounds so strange amid the measured and cautious expressions of the North. Pio Nono, however, has spoken, and his attentive subordinates catch the tones of his voice, and reiterate the strain to a listening world: *Vox omnibus una*; one pastoral is a mere echo of the extravagances of another. The generous flow of virulent superlatives which the Father of Christendom has ever at his command, to describe the policy and denounce the crimes of an insubordinate epoch, streams in scarcely diminished vigour from a thousand inferior fonts, and re-assures the doubtful supporters of an imperilled system that a unity of sentiment and identity of conviction still pervade the scattered members of the Universal Whole, and that, if the action of the Church is languid, and the proceedings of her rulers uncertain, her language at any rate is as bold, as proud, and as determined as ever it was in the younger and brighter days of her existence.

There are, however, some hopeful symptoms about this latest effusion of a Catholic dignitary. The titular Archbishop of Westminster is a man of taste, and is naturally weary of the common-places which he is called upon so often to enunciate. He spares himself and his hearers the customary oburgations against the rising liberties of the Peninsula. "So often have we alluded," he says, "to the calamities and desolation of Italy that we fear the subject has become stale. Let us, therefore, turn our eyes nearer home," &c. Victor Emmanuel may think himself let cheaply off, especially as there lurk throughout the discourse the hints of an animosity none the less fervent because unexpressed. Italy may be stale, but a casual reference to "the uncomplaining moans of clergy and people, crushed and despoiled, of homeless monks and roofless nuns, cast out expressly to perish as a class that must be destroyed," reminds us that the difficult task of reconciling political necessities with ecclesiastical rights is but half accomplished; and that what is "regeneration" in the eyes of one class of thinkers is simply "sacrilege" in the eyes of another. The problem of dealing with vested rights and Church property in any way satisfactory at once to those who regard its very abuses as something too holy to be meddled with, and to those who would subordinate its religious aspect to claims of general utility—is, of course, one of the hardest which the Government of Turin is called to solve; and, though it is but too probable that occasional hardship may have arisen from measures of reform, so sweeping as those lately introduced, there is no doubt that every available precaution against injustice has been taken, that many gross abuses have been swept away, that much wealth has been reclaimed for the useful and benevolent purposes which its original donors contemplated, and that the measures adopted on the subject of convents by the Government of Turin have received the sanction of all enlightened and thinking men throughout the peninsula. The "moaning monks" and "roofless nuns," on whose patient sufferings the orator's imagination dwells, have,

we may be sure, been dealt with in no violent or inconsiderate manner; and if some of the consecrated filth, laziness, and ignorance, hitherto the disgraceful characteristics of Italian religion, is hereafter to be replaced by efficient educational machinery and active measures for increasing the welfare of the people, there will be few, we believe, to regret so salutary a change, and to join in hyperbolic lamentations over the imaginary hardships of the sturdy beggars who find themselves forbidden any longer to live in ignoble ease upon the good-natured credulity of their hard-working neighbours.

But if the Cardinal is tired of Italy he is as fresh as ever on the subject of Ireland, and the possibility of an Irish famine stimulates him to fresh exertions, and to a bolder flight of fancy than any he has as yet ventured upon. He may be a learned theologian, but we distrust him as a political economist. "Not subject," he writes, "to the oscillations of a commercial scale, nor dependent on the success or failure of commercial enterprise, not having to rise or fall with the fluctuations of foreign markets, or the caprices of warlike nations, Ireland looks to the sweat of her own brow, and the strong arms of her inhabitants for her children's food; and yet upon her more than upon the rest of nations comes the damping visitation of want of bread." It seems strange that the obvious and necessary connection of the facts stated should have entirely escaped the Archbishop's notice. Ireland is the victim of famines, because, having a variable climate, in the first instance, she has relied, and been encouraged to rely, upon the most variable of crops. It is her misfortune that she is, as her panegyrist describes her, dependant, not upon the fluctuations of foreign markets, but upon the arms of her inhabitants, and upon what those arms are able to get out of the soil. It may be bad to be at the mercy of an oscillating commercial scale, or the caprices of military nations; but it is far worse to be the sport of every bank of clouds which comes across the Atlantic, and to take the chance year by year of a good yield of potatoes staving off for a little while longer the ruin which almost is certain, sooner or later, to arrive. Ireland has been warned again and again, by the most fearful admonitions, against being exclusively agricultural; and it is just in proportion as that warning has been neglected that her position is still critical, and her population still insecure against the heaviest of national calamities. The Saxon may have been a cruel enemy, but the potato has been an insidious friend; and they are the worst of advisers who attribute to extraneous circumstances, or to the fancied injustice of a really well-meaning Government, the miseries for which the circumstances of the climate, aided by the temper and habits of the people, could not fail to bring about. The Cardinal, however, appears to acquiesce in what he cannot prevent, and is prepared with a final cause for Irish famines. Rain, wind, tempest, blighted crops, and bad harvests, are all but instruments for raising the Hibernian character to an exceptional pitch of elevation. They come, we read, "as if to raise that faithful race to the rarest of resignations and the noblest acts of sacrifice." They come, we might answer, if the moral purposes of physical phenomena are to be guessed at, to give the English nation a welcome opportunity of returning good deeds for bad language, and of showing, by a ready munificence, how little the perverse hostility, and obstinate misrepresentations of a part of the Irish nation have done to check the sympathy and goodwill which all Englishmen still feel towards the least loyal and most troublesome class of their fellow-subjects. The ravings of The O'Donoghue, and the songs of the silly boys who give Mr. Whalley so much anxiety, will, as everybody concerned knows perfectly well, be forgotten the very moment that Englishmen are assured that their money is wanted for any practical measure of relief; and the noisiest declaimer of the Dublin Rotundo must feel, while he indulges in a burst of treason, that, should the worst arrive, the oppressors, who have done their best to feed him before, will be ready to feed him again, and that Albion, with all her iniquities, is no bad neighbour when the barley-field is drenched into a swamp, and the potatoes a mouldering heap of putrefaction. Cardinal Wiseman looks at the sufferers in a somewhat different light. "Let us hope," he says, "that as much sympathy will be shown with them as with the heathen of India, and that their attachment to that faith which teaches them to die meekly under such repeated afflictions, may not be turned by those whose public duty it is to alleviate their distress, into a reason for checking and averting the generosity which in this country is ever ready to relieve." The conception of the exceptional meekness of Irishmen betraying their rulers into neglecting them, is one, we confess, for which we were entirely unprepared. The Catholic religion, no doubt, is the native soil of many Christian graces, and its professors, in various countries, have attained to extraordinary degrees of self-restraint and submission. That happy effect has not yet been attained for the fervid and excitable temperament of the Irish Celt. He still is sufficiently human to cry out when he is hurt, and to summon heaven and earth to attest and commiserate his afflictions; he has still enough of the old leaven lurking in his system to make him occasionally inconsiderate, abusive, and even malevolent. The English nation knows its part, and is determined that no amount of noisy hostility shall be allowed to interrupt the sensible and beneficent measures, which day by day are undermining the old troubles of Ireland, and grounding her prosperity upon a sounder and more secure foundation. We are encouraged, moreover, by no slight evidences that a wise and just policy is gradually winning its way with all but a few foolish fanatics. The religion which, according to Cardinal Wiseman, teaches Irishmen to suffer and die in silence, if we are to judge by the Longford election, has not entirely weaned them from the traditional luxuries of



street rioting and shillelachs, and Catholic meekness is occasionally compatible with hunting Protestant clergymen within an inch of their lives. Still good sense and moderation are becoming so fashionable, that we trust in course of time to see even the priesthood infected, and that Dr. Cullen himself may be visited with a glimmering of intelligence as to the wrongs he so indignantly denounces, and to whose only remedy he is obstinately blind. We cannot, of course, hope precisely the same future for Ireland that Cardinal Wiseman would desire; and, as Protestants, we congratulate ourselves upon having our pies and omelettes exempt from his supervising authority. But we are happy to find one portion, at least, of his Pastoral with every word of which we are able to sympathize. Nothing could be more graceful and feeling than his allusion to the great national bereavement we have recently sustained, — nothing more evidently sincere than his enumeration of the many excellent qualities which will give the Prince Consort a lasting place in the annals of our country. Cardinal Wiseman had, of course, many grave differences from a Protestant prince, but we are happy to see that none of them are allowed to disfigure his hearty and loyal eulogium. Such language is the best reply to the querulous interrogations with which Mr. Whalley amused the House of Commons. We are happy to believe his accusation false, and the Maynooth students uniformly loyal; but even if a handful of silly boys had had bad taste and bad feeling enough to shut themselves out from a national regret, we could forget the indecency and turn to the dignified and pathetic eulogy pronounced by the chief of English Catholics, over a prince who deserved, if ever prince yet did, the common admiration and common regret of every class alike of those for whom he had laboured with so far-seeing and so generous an impartiality.

#### THE PERIODICAL PRESS IN ITALY.

THE development of the Italian press since 1859 is something unprecedented in the annals of any country, at least on this side of the Atlantic. Turin boasts no less than twelve daily papers. There are, besides the *Gazzetta Ufficiale del Regno d'Italia*, the *Gazzetta del Popolo*, *Opinione*, *Diritto*, *Gazzetta di Torino*, and *Espero*, most of them journals of some years' standing, the *Monarchia Nazionale*, which began its publication in the spring of last year; the *Tribuno* and *Costituzione*, which rose with the present year; the *Stampa*, which came out within this month; and the two clerical papers, *L'Armonia* and *Il Campanile*. All these journals are not only published daily, but, with the exception of the official gazette and the two priestly organs, have no day of rest, even on Sunday. The cities of Milan, Florence, and Genoa show at least as much activity in their daily press as the capital itself; and at Naples the rage for newspapers is so great that I could give the titles of ten new journals, whose more or less ephemeral existence dates from last New Year's-day. The provinces are no less plentifully supplied with daily organs of their own. Besides a semi-official gazette seeing the light every day in the *chef-lieu* of all the fifty-nine provinces of the Italian kingdom, every town of note contributes its quota to this prodigious amount of periodical literature. Parma, for instance, a town of 40,000 inhabitants, sends us, besides the *Gazzetta di Parma*, also the *Patriota* and the *Artigiano*. Modena has its four daily papers, and the like might be said of most other towns of the same, or even less importance.

It would be rash to say that the merit of all this periodical literature keeps pace with its rapid spread and multiplication. With very few exceptions, Italian journals sell at 5 centimes, or a half-penny a number. In Turin, for instance, all are half-penny papers, with the exception of the official gazette, which has no daily sale, and the *Armonia*, which keeps up its price at 10 centimes. The *Perseveranza*—a mammoth paper at Milan—is as high as 2d.; the *Corriere Mercantile* of Genoa, an old-established, respectable publication, keeps up the same price; and the *Nazione* of Florence, which started at the same price, has stooped to 1d., and is still 100 per cent. above the common price.

Some few of the halfpenny papers of Turin have a daily sale of about 10,000 copies. The *Gazzetta di Torino* is said to have attained 14,000, but it was unable to keep up the same rate throughout the year. Ten thousand copies give a daily income of 500f., or a yearly revenue of 180,000f. (£7,200), and this makes up the whole means of subsistence of the paper, as any money accruing to it from the scanty advertisements can hardly make up for the per centage charged by the newsman or contributed to the Post-office for circulation. Whatever benefit an Italian editor may reap from cheap paper and printing, there can be no doubt that the receipts, even of the most successful organ of public opinion in this country, must be insufficient to support it in that style, or on that scale, which ought to fit it for the instruction of a free and civilized nation. Here, in the capital, for instance, with two open Houses of Parliament, there is not a single short-hand writer in the employment of any of the journals. The report of parliamentary debates, if we except the official *Compte-rendu*, published in the *Gazzetta Ufficiale*, and drawn up by stenographers in the Government's pay, are meagre and wretched in the extreme, and there is actually no chance of a verbal report, either of the proceedings of the courts of law or of any public meeting whatsoever. Short-hand writing is hardly a trade in Italy as yet, and the only reporter, who acquitted himself creditably enough in the *Opinione*, came to a melancholy death by drowning last year. The office of an Italian journal is, with rare exceptions, equally deficient in good translators. In French every man in Italy, not utterly illiterate, dabbles more or less; but German and

English are by no means extensively understood, and articles from the English press seldom find their way into Italian journals, except through the medium of the French, from the *Débats*, the *Presse*, or any other of the French periodicals. The whole staff of nine out of ten Italian journals consists of a *direttore*, or chief editor, and a *redattore*, or sub-editor. The former manages to get up a daily article, which is generally both leader and follower, as the paper has seldom any other original matter; the latter is charged with the scissors work, pilfering here one paragraph, there another, from the home press, culling items of news from the French journals, and turning them into a slovenly language, which is rather French-bewitched than Italian. Most of the papers have some correspondence, or *carteggio*, of their own, long-winded, oracular rigmaroles, from a resident in Paris, written in French, probably, and given in a hurried, hybrid version, which is neither in one language nor the other; and ranting, gossipy, sometimes unblushingly false, or at least madly exaggerated tirades from the provinces—unreadable trash the best of it, if we except an occasional summary of interesting particulars from Venice, or a racy account of men and things from that hot-bed of intrigue, the Eternal City. Hardly a paper appears without an *appendice*, or *feuilleton*, a would-be humorous sketch of manners now and then, a flat piece of literary or theatrical criticism, or a particularly dull tale, winding its dreary length through hundreds of numbers of the journal.

The low state of periodical literature is no proof of lack of talent in Italy. The "cheap and nasty" system was established from the beginning, and it gives such results as might be expected in any country. At the very dawn of Italian freedom, in 1848, men of the highest political and social standing, Balbo, D'Azeglio, Cavour, Mamiani, Farini, and a hundred others, men of all parties, turned journalists. Each of them had very naturally an object of his own in view, and the ladder was usually broken under the statesman when it had accomplished his rise. From 1848 to 1859 Piedmont was left alone in the race, and a press, which could rely on little more than 4,000,000 of readers, was necessarily limited both as to means and to scope. Even in the old state of Sardinia, however, the press always had a home circulation and a provincial or municipal character. Turin did not write Genoa's journals, nor Genoa Turin's. Now, in a kingdom of twenty million inhabitants, every journal has still a mere local character. Every town prints an organ or organs of its own for its own consumption. By this we do not mean that a stray copy of the *Opinione* of Turin may not find its way into Milan or Florence, or that the *Perseveranza* of Milan, or *Nazione* of Florence, are not to be seen in Turin; but every town is inundated with its own home-made press; what comes from a city can never cope with the indigenous production, either in freshness of intelligence or lowness of price, owing to the postal charge, and no journal has as yet attained, or is likely, under these circumstances, to attain such excellence as to enable it to overcome these inevitable disadvantages.

The evil arising from this untoward state of things is so deeply felt, that some right-minded patriots have thought a remedy should be found in a sweeping, and, in the opinion of the many, an illiberal measure. Since low prices have degraded the character of the press, is there no means of raising the prices? Can any law be contrived to prevent the first good-for-nothing idler, who has nothing to do, and is fit for nothing else, turning journalist? The business is a poor one as it is, but there are many in an unsettled community, as Italy must still needs be, who know not how to turn a hand to anything else. A so-called "deserving patriot," a "martyr to the good cause," has only to apply to a few soft-hearted friends to take shares in his ephemeral speculation; a needy adventurer has only to turn over to his views some poor devil of a jobbing-printer out of employment, and a new organ of public opinion makes its appearance, with just capital enough to struggle on for three weeks or three months, and just cleverness enough to pervert the public mind with a few columns of gross political scandal or flagrant personal abuse. It is thus, for instance, that the *Italia del Popolo* of Genoa, the *Unità Italiana* of Milan, a journal directed by some of those friends of Mazzini who do the least credit to his name, and the *Plebiscito*, and *Pietra Infernale* of Naples, edited by Zuppetta and Gervasi, with many other papers of the same nature, contrive to batten on such garbage as the "intended cession of the Island of Sardinia to France," and upon such outrageous attacks on any one who has the ill-luck to rouse their displeasure, as threaten to render public life as loathsome to men of extremely sensitive nature in Italy, as it has long since been in the United States of America. It is thus, on the other hand, that the *Tribuno* of Turin, known, in spite of its specious title, to be the organ of a party at court, or more properly, in the *basse-cour*, has been, for the last five or six weeks, advising the king, in the most unmeasured language, to attempt little less than a *coup d'état*, by a dismissal of the Cabinet and a dissolution of Parliament—measures, under all circumstances, perilous to the present and future destinies of the country.

Certainly no man who is convinced of the importance and sacredness of the mission of a free press, will feel inclined to quarrel with its abuses whatever extent they may reach. There can be no great light without much shadow, and the evils attendant upon too sudden an unfettering of public opinion are of a nature promptly, certainly, and thoroughly to cure themselves. The Italian press, with all the drawbacks arising from its present cheap system, is, on the whole, far better, both in point of talent and of character, than it might be supposed to be. The *Opinione*, the *Gazzetta del Popolo*, *Gazzetta di Torino*, of Turin, the *Pungolo* of Milan, the *Movimento*

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of Genoa, and others, may be pronounced infinitely better than the common run of half-penny papers in other countries. A half-penny paper, however, cannot answer the wants of a free and enlightened community, cannot take the lead in the march of public opinion in a great country, unless, by the sale of at least some 100,000 copies, it command the means of liberally paying its necessary expenses. Now, a circulation to that amount is scarcely possible in presence of so easy a competition as the lowness of price calls into existence on every side. It would be found impracticable in a vast and compact centre of life, as London or Paris; it is far more unattainable in a divided and newly-emancipated state like Italy, with its imperfect civilization, with its slow and clumsy means of communication, with its old provincial and municipal predilections. A Turin paper must always be dearer at Naples, or in any other city, than one of its local contemporaries, and will always be comparatively destitute of local interest. There may be hundreds of Milanese, Florentine, Genoese journals; there can never be, under present circumstances, a truly national organ, and the municipal character of the press will always foster and aggravate the evil of separate views and tendencies, and counteract that instinct of unity on which rest all hopes for the future welfare and greatness of the Peninsula.

As to the existence of the disorder, thinking Italians of all parties willingly agree. It is not equally easy for most of them to coincide as to the cure. It was a few weeks ago proposed in Parliament to raise the price of newspapers by affixing a stamp duty of 5 centimes, a tax of 100 per cent., on all daily journals, allowing the stamped papers a free circulation through the post, agreeably to the old English system, and doing away with the 1 centime postage which is now charged upon each single sheet. But all the stormy arguments against "taxes on knowledge," the recent move of England in an opposite direction, and a deep-rooted hostility to trespass upon a recently conquered equal right of unbounded freedom of opinion, could, of course, not fail to defeat such a motion. It was vain to point to the example of Imperial France, where a stamp duty of 6 centimes is levied on all newspapers; vain to remind the Chamber of Deputies that the abolition of a similar duty in England met with a long, obstinate, and disinterested opposition. The "Liberals" carried the day by the mere loudness of their clamour, and some time must pass before the most daring advocates of such a scheme will venture on a renewal of their attempt. Then a check was proposed on the growth of ephemeral publications by a *cauzione*, or bail, of something like 40,000 f. or 50,000 f., to be demanded of every journal on its first appearance, not only as a security for the payment of fines in the event of a breach of the law and a sentence for libel, but also for the keeping of the contract with subscribers paying in advance, who might otherwise be defrauded by the sudden cessation of a journal. All this, however, would not do. It was felt that the universal spread of a cheap periodical literature was a means of political education easily placed within reach of the poorest amongst the lower orders, and that all meddling with the press would delay the ripening of public opinion. Things, it was thought, could not fail to find their own level. Free-trade in journalism would be sure to be as beneficial to the producer as to the consumer. Italy had just such a press as it wanted and could afford, and the article supplied would rise in proportion with the extent of the demand.

Taking, therefore, the press as it is, we must say that it is rather blameable for what it fails to accomplish than for what it obviously professes to achieve. Many of the Italian papers are just plausible; they keep within the limits of respectable humdrum routine. With far less than middling means, they just aspire to, and mostly attain, mediocrity. There is something dull, fagged, unstirring among them all; hardly an instance of strong writing or originality of thought—an endless amount of plagiarism, especially exercised at the expense of the French press. The newspaper writer, *par excellence*, in Italy was Bianchi Giovini, in the *Unione*, a man who has lately withdrawn from the stage of the world. A certain verve and raciness is to be met with, occasionally, in the *Armonia*, and other clerical papers; the priests well know how to steep their pen in gall, though, there is no doubt, the most outrageous abuses of the freedom of the press are perpetrated by those obscurantists, who would do away with all liberty had they their own way. Likewise, we have frequent sallies of good, genuine humour in some of the comic papers, especially the *Fischietto* and *Pasquino*, both of Turin, two papers which easily leave the *Charivari*, the *Kladderadatsch*, and other periodicals in the same style, far behind, and often attain the excellence of Mr. *Punch*, in the happiest moments of that veritable genius. The caricatures in both those journals are mostly creditable performances, especially the effusions of Teja's comical vein and the exquisite drawings by Gonia. A whole swarm of short-lived publications in the same style have been attempted in Turin, no less than at Milan, Genoa, Florence, and Naples, all with indifferent success, if we except, perhaps, the *Homo di Pietra* and *Spirito Follette*, both of Milan. These humorists see the light once or thrice a week. For the rest, Italian enterprise hardly runs in the line of weekly literature; we have, however, a *Mondo Illustrato*, a kind of Italian *Illustration*, at Turin, there is a *Corriere della Domenica* at Naples, a *Spettatore* at Florence, and an *Alleanza*, a weekly paper, has lately sprung up at Milan, under Hungarian editorship. Turin boasts, besides its twelve or thirteen Italian, also two French papers, *L'Italie* and the *Nationalité*, two papers of tolerably large size, which sell at 10 and 15 centimes, and which are so terribly dreaded by the French Imperial Government that they are not let out for distribution at Chambéry, in Savoy, till they have gone all

their way to Paris for revision, when they are sent back to the provinces free of political quarantine.

There are great numbers of weekly papers dedicated to special purposes—scientific, technical, artistic, &c.; a variety of theatrical chronicles, most of them below contempt. The only valuable commercial paper is the daily *Corriere Mercantile* of Genoa. The *Giornale delle Arti ed Industrie* of Turin, the *Gazzetta Militare*, also published in the capital, are well conducted. The same can hardly be said of the *Rivista Contemporanea*, and other monthly or semi-monthly journals, which can only with great difficulty be kept up to the mark of third-rate French publications in the same style. Greater interest is for the present attached to the *Mediatore*, the organ of Padre Passaglia, set up in antagonism to the *Civiltà Cattolica*, the Jesuit magazine at Rome.

I must say, in conclusion, that all social and political circumstances greatly tend to discourage journalism in Italy. Men of high political or literary standing take no share in the public press, and the trade may be said to be daily falling into less and less worthy hands. The King's Government itself can scarcely be said to have any semi-official organ, though the *Opinione* was for some time patronised, and the *Gazzetta di Torino* is now supposed to have supplanted it. Neither is there any great support extended to journalism by political parties. Occasionally a leading man will take up a paper for a month or so, and drop it soon after from sheer conviction of its inefficacy. Altogether, the faith in the press, as a means for enforcing political views, seems to be failing fast. One of the latest men of note who deliberately entered the arena as a newspaper editor was Farini, who, in 1854, took pity on the *Risorgimento*, which, after changing its name into that of *Parlamento*, had fallen to the lowest ebb, and had no longer even the vestige of the power and splendour it attained under Balbo and Cavour; but even Farini hardly succeeded in giving it any fresh importance under its new title of *Piemonte*, for a twelvemonth, after which he dropped it, having burnt his fingers to the extent of several thousand francs. In Piedmont itself the press is *blasé*, and the comparative enthusiasm exhibited by the other Italian provinces on their first emancipation is cooling fast, owing to that variety of circumstances which we have been endeavouring to particularize.

That Italian talent might be profitably employed in journalism, however, we might easily feel convinced, from the many instances of excellent correspondents to the French, Belgian, and even English press, amongst whom the palm must be awarded to the witty and keen-sighted Petrucci della Gattina.

Whatever good may be said to be wrought by the press in a country where there are almost more writers than readers, and where a journal is within reach of the poorest man, it may be safely asserted that journalism, at least, does very little harm in Italy, if any. It is astonishing to see the tact and readiness with which even an ignorant public instinctively shrinks from the contamination of an immoral, indecent, or even simply immoderate press. What has become of the *Maga*, or *Strega*, of Genoa; of the *Alecchino*, of Florence; of the *Diavolo*, of Turin; and other such disgraceful and prurient publications? Ask how it was that the English *Satirist* died off, even in the most disreputable alehouses and notorious hells of London, where it was driven for a last refuge. The newsmen of Turin, many of them, feel affronted if you ask them to sell you the *Armonia*, or they answer your inquiry for the *Unità Italiana* with a dry, scornful, "Not known, sir; we don't keep no such trash in our stall."

#### A STRANGE STORY.

IF Sir Edward Lytton had known where to look, he might have found at least as good materials for strange stories in the Law Courts as in the exhibitions of somnambulists and spirit-rappers. Westminster Hall and the Assizes, from time to time, bring to light both characters and incidents which seem to have been disinterred for the special purpose of justifying novelists. One of these, which occurred at the last Northumberland Assizes, deserved notice, not merely on account of its merits as a story, but also because it suggests several reflections upon our system of administering criminal justice.

Mr. John Mill not long since created apprehension amongst that large and important class which attaches great value to his opinions, by bewailing the decay of originality, and even of eccentricity, amongst his contemporaries. He must have thought, when he read the report of the facts arising out of Mr. Bewicke's case in last Monday's *Times*, that there are still amongst us a certain number of men of original mind, though he might find a confirmation of his complaints in the fact that the eccentricity, on which he looks with so much fondness, may sometimes, in this degenerate age, conduct a man to the dock and thence to penal servitude.

About fifteen months ago there lived in the county of Northumberland a Mr. Bewicke, a gentleman of family and fortune, who appears to have lived on the principle of doing as he liked, without any sort of reference to the opinions or practices of his neighbours. He seems to have owed some one a debt of £40 or £50, which had to be recovered by a resort to the law. The sheriff's officers came over to satisfy the debt by taking his property in execution—a process which less obstinate people generally avoid by the simple process of paying. On their arrival Mr. Bewicke, who had been in bed, came down to parley with them. Hereupon the bailiffs produced loaded pistols, which they presented at Mr. Bewicke, and Mr. Bewicke went and fetched a revolver, which he presented at the sheriff's officers, adding that he should report their violence to their master. They then took possession



of some out-door property, which was of sufficient value to satisfy the judgment, and he retired into his house, which seems to have been his castle in something more than the ordinary legal sense. He appears to have amused himself there during great part of the day in firing with a rifle at a mark out of the window, and late in the evening he asked his housekeeper whether she had cleaned his rifle. She said she had not, as it was loaded. He asked her to bring it to him,—went to the watercloset, and, after calling out to the bailiffs to know whether they were in the outhouse, where they had passed the day, fired it four or five times (it was a revolver) out of the watercloset window. It appears, though this was not distinctly stated in the *Times* report, that Mrs. Lock, the housekeeper, was by when the gun was fired, and that she declared that he fired it from his shoulder, one foot being on the seat of the closet, and the other on the floor. If this was true, it followed, from the position of the closet and the direction of the window, that he could not have fired towards the place where the men were lying.

After the gun was fired, Mr. Bewicke went out, and some conversation, of the nature of what is commonly called "chaff," passed between him and the officers. Nothing was said then, nor till some days afterwards, about his having shot at them. A peace warrant, however, was obtained on the ground of the scene with the pistol in the morning, and on that occasion, for the first time, Mr. Bewicke was charged with having fired a rifle bullet at Hutchinson and Daglish in the shed. One of their assistants, a man called Dodd, appears, for some unknown reasons, to have conspired with them to procure Mr. Bewicke's conviction. He accordingly put a flattened bullet in the straw, where they had been lying, and there it was found by a man named Berford, when attention was drawn to it by Dodd. Hutchinson and Daglish both swore that as they lay in the straw they heard a bullet pass over them. Upon this evidence Mr. Bewicke was committed, tried, convicted, and sentenced to four years' penal servitude. By way of keeping up his character for eccentricity to the last, he defended himself, and appears to have contributed considerably to the results of the trial by the way in which he managed his defence. After his conviction, an impression grew up in the neighbourhood that he was innocent, and Dodd justified this impression by admitting, on more than one occasion, that he had put the bullet where the other men found it. For this offence he was sentenced to two years' imprisonment and hard labour. Hutchinson was convicted of perjury in swearing that he heard the bullet pass over him, and sentenced to four years' penal servitude; and Daglish, who pleaded guilty, to twelve months' imprisonment.

The principal impression which the story makes, apart from its tragical conclusion, is that of amusement at the dogged humour of the principal performer in it. There is a strange, surly consistency in the whole of his conduct, which precisely resembles the continental notion of the British nobleman, who sells his wife in Smithfield, and swears by "rosbif" and "Godam." No other person in the world would first refuse to pay his creditor, then refuse to pay the bailiffs, then discuss matters with them with loaded pistols on each side, then shut himself up in his house all day and amuse himself by firing rifles out of the window; and, lastly, refuse to be defended by counsel, and insist on having himself for a client. The character is like the beaver's house in the nursery rhyme, "with every requisite complete," down to the last glimpse which is given of his fighting with the warder and one of the convicts in Pentonville prison. It would, however, be very wrong, to colour the grotesqueness of the case, to keep out of sight its serious features.

The outrageous wickedness of the sheriff's officers was neither fully explained nor adequately punished; nor is it of much importance to know precisely what was their inducement for acting as they did. The real importance of the case is, that it suggests an unpleasant doubt on the point whether the conviction of innocent men is altogether so uncommon an occurrence as we are apt to suppose. If Mr. Bewicke—a gentleman of fortune and education, and in all probability a man of more than average vigour and independence of character—was wrongfully convicted merely because he did not know how to cross-examine witnesses, and to impress on the jury the salient points of his defence with the skill and coolness which may be expected of a disinterested professional man, how often must similar misfortunes overtake men in a lower class and equally unassisted? Any one who has seen much of criminal trials must often have asked himself such questions, and probably such persons will in general have arrived at the conclusion that the weak point of our system of criminal justice—admirable as it is in many respects—is that it is unfavourable to poor and obscure criminals. Its characteristic peculiarity is, that it proceeds throughout on the principle—which is inflexibly applied—that a criminal trial is in the nature of a private suit between the prosecutor and the prisoner, in which the prosecutor tries to obtain, and the prisoner to escape, the infliction of punishment. The prosecutor is tied down to certain rules, the prisoner has certain facilities for defending himself, and the business of the judge is to see fair play, and to enforce the rules of the battle. If the prisoner knows how to make use of his privileges, they may perhaps be considered as unreasonably pert; but if he does not, they are of no use at all,—nay, they are, to some extent, embarrassing and injurious, especially if he is innocent. For example, the rule that the prisoner cannot be questioned, is, no doubt, an advantage to a guilty man. It is also an advantage to an innocent man who is properly advised; but to an innocent man who is not so advised, it is frequently a great disadvantage. Mr. Bewicke's case shows a man may have a perfectly good defence, and yet be

ignorant of the proper means of setting it up. If at his trial it had been the duty of any impartial person representing the interests of the public in the investigation of truth, and not the interests either of the accused or of the prosecutor, to question the different persons concerned, and especially Mr. Bewicke himself, as to the details of the transaction, he could hardly have failed to bring out the chief points of the defence. The size of the closet window, its direction, the possibility, or at least the probability, that the shot should have been fired from and to the places alleged, the reasons of the bailiffs for making no charge at first, and for treating Mr. Bewicke as an innocent man after the alleged crime, the similarity or otherwise between the bullet said to have been found and Mr. Bewicke's other bullets, would all have been obvious topics of inquiry to an impartial and experienced inquirer. According to the theory and practice of our law it was for Mr. Bewicke to establish by proper evidence such of these facts as might make in his favour, and on his failure to do so the presumption would be and was that further inquiries, if made, would not make in his favour. No doubt, if every prisoner were fully competent to conduct his own defence, our system would be very nearly perfect; and it is hardly possible to imagine better specimens of care, impartiality, and fulness in every relevant particular than is afforded by English criminal trials when they are fairly tried out: but the case is very different in trials in which the prisoners do not choose or cannot afford to defend themselves. In such cases they are at the mercy of frauds which they do not know how to expose, and of which no one but themselves can be aware except by guess or by accident. It is to be feared that cases which differ from Mr. Bewicke's only in not being found out are more frequent than people generally suppose.

## MEN OF MARK.—No. XXXI.

### URBANO RATTAZZI.

THE name of Urban Rattazzi is a familiar word now in every city of Europe. Wherever men are watching with interest the admirable spectacle of Italy's first difficult and struggling steps on the thorny and uphill path of political and social regeneration, he is recognized as one of the foremost men of those who have the shaping of Italy's future destinies in their hands; to whose prudence, energy, and firmness the world looks for the guidance of the infant state through the thronging perils of her infancy, and whose opinions and tendencies will, in all probability, largely influence the future direction of the nation's progress. That such is his present position, and such the service for which his country looks to him in the future, all Europe knows. The share which he has had in bringing the nation to its present position is not so well known. Yet it was a very remarkable and decisive one; and if the statesman's career should be cut short to-morrow, he would have done enough to mark his place in his country's history. To Englishmen, moreover, this career is the more interesting from its close resemblance to many a similar progress from the bar to the House of Commons, and thence to the Cabinet among ourselves. The road by which Rattazzi has reached his present conspicuous position and power has been far more in accordance with our own habits and ideas, than are the methods of advancement of most continental statesmen and politicians. Though not at every period of his career wholly unconnected with journalism, it was not journalism which carried him into the Ministry, nor was it bureaucratic routine, nor military rank and merit. It was a large popular constituency which discovered in the distinguished advocate the stuff of which statesmen are made, and Alessandria did for Rattazzi what the West Riding did for Brougham.

In the wretched old days before the new Italian hegira, that hearing, threatening travail-time before the '48, there was a young advocate practising with distinguished provincial success in the little cathedral town of Casale, on the south bank of the Po, some dozen miles or so to the northwards of Alessandria. Entirely engrossed by his profession, in the exercise of which, we are told, he was as conspicuously noted for honourable dealing and uprightness as for ability, he had in those days taken little or no part in politics. But it is recorded, that a petition to Charles Albert in favour of the institution of the National Guard (was drawn up by a meeting assembled at his house, and that he lived entirely among men of the liberal and reforming party. On the promulgation of the "Statuto," the large and important city of Alessandria chose the Casale barrister for her Deputy to the newly-created Parliament; and the connection then formed between the representative and his constituency has never since been broken. The future path of Italy and of her statesmen is, as we have said, an uphill one, and must remain such for a long time to come. But in truth her present ways are ways of pleasantness, and her statesmen's beds are beds of roses in comparison to the state of things at the time when Rattazzi first became a politician and a public man. Let what will be in store for the much-buffed young nation, it can hardly be but that any one of those who, like Rattazzi, have made part of the crew of the state vessel, since she was then launched amid storm and tempest, may encourage his compeers with the

"O passi graviores, dabit Deus his quoque finem!"

Surely more patriotism than ambition must have gone to the making a Minister in the Turin Cabinet in the '48 and the subsequent sad years!

The first affair in which Rattazzi had occasion to take part was one of much difficulty and delicacy. Lombardy had had her triumph. The Austrians had been driven out, and the country, which had escaped from their clutch, hastened to vote for union with the Piedmontese monarchy, but with the condition that a constituent assembly should be called to settle the bases of the new kingdom to be thus formed. Under the then existing circumstances this condition caused a very serious difficulty. The republican party were then strong in Lombardy. The very name of a constituent assembly terrified moderate men, and still more disgusted not only the reactionary Piedmontese party, but even the more moderate supporters of the old Savoy dynasty. Turin especially began to feel jealousies and fears for its own future destiny. And among the men who shared these fears and stimulated them was Camillo

Cavour of the would be attached monarch with an The p was ap of the l pleasing or disr Republic and pat supporte measure sufficient A few d Cabinet on, and the defea sequen Austria Turin, in had fifty date, Gia and deter found its called on members elevation the affairs troubled a confided. Utopias, k nificant a those enor slow in ar from his S movement of Leopold by Guerra state of th conceived monarchy between hi bayonets. up a civil breaking t disposal of meet Austr Rattazzi scouted ali Gioberti se his chief so accepted th the Cabinet moment wh few weeks found them armistice at at Novara, weight of b which led to all those de attempt to l trouble will sage from a right:—"T strike to-m may, it will respecting t to the princ of absurdity of But with reg defeat at No —this is nei these events. and certainty facts are kno said that the events; that that the wor now talks m the whole tr After the which succe its predecess Genoa, gave Opposition, the time was extreme part and his' peop cause of libe diate politica tion, as we a centre," in o programme, 3rd of Decer



Cavour, then sitting on the right—on the Tory benches, as we should say,—of the Piedmontese Chamber. On the other hand, the Lombard Republicans would have been well pleased to have found in the refusal of the condition attached by the vote for the union a pretext for breaking altogether with monarchy and its supporters. And yet the union with Lombardy was of paramount necessity to Piedmont, as offering her the only means of facing, with any hope of a favourable result, the surely coming struggle with Austria. The position was a critical one as will easily be understood. Rattazzi was appointed reporter of the committee charged with the examination of the bill for the union. The difficulty was felt to lie between displeasing Turin and awakening all the hostility of its municipal patriotism, or disgusting Milan, and giving over Lombardy into the hands of the Republicans. Rattazzi thought that it was safer to trust to the self-denial and patriotism of Turin than to run the risk of losing Lombardy. He supported the bill in a speech of great eloquence, and finally carried the measure. This was his first great parliamentary triumph, and it was one of a sufficiently important nature to open a clear path for him to the Cabinet. A few days later he accepted the portfolio of Public Instruction in the Casati Cabinet. But that Government was of very short duration. Events pressed on, and they were all, in those days, of a disastrous character. There came the defeat of Custoza, followed by the armistice of Salasco, and the subsequent necessity of submitting to the hard terms of a peace with victorious Austria. But on the opening of the following session of the Parliament at Turin, in October, Rattazzi, in the election for President of the Chamber, had fifty-nine votes against the sixty-nine of the successful ministerial candidate, Giacomo Durando. But these fifty-nine votes were those of a compact and determined Opposition, in the face of which the Ministry of the peace found itself compelled to throw up the cards, and Vincenzo Gioberti was called on to form a new Cabinet, of which Rattazzi was one of the leading members. Gioberti, with all his genius, pure patriotism, learning, and elevation of character, was perhaps one of the very last men to whose guidance the affairs of any nation, least of all those of a State destined to traverse the troubled and stormy waters by which Piedmont was then buffeted, could be confided. His eminently unpractical mind, filled with gilded dreams of Utopias, born of closet studies, was sure to entangle him shortly in some magnificent and impossible crotchet. And the opportunity of making one of those enormous mistakes which extinguishes a public man, as such, was not slow in arriving. The Grand Duke of Tuscany had ignominiously run away from his States, after having up to a certain point taken part in the liberalizing movement. The reader will remember that we are here speaking of the first of Leopold II.'s two performances of the same kind. The Republicans, led by Guerrazzi, were having it all their own way in the Grand Duchy. In this state of things Gioberti, little foreseeing the great future reserved for Italy, conceived that he could not serve the cause of liberty and constitutional monarchy better than by trusting the Grand Duke, forming an alliance between him and Piedmont, and replacing him on his throne by Piedmontese bayonets. The first result of such a scheme would have been to light up a civil war; the second to have furnished Austria with a pretext for breaking the armistice; and a third to have divided the small force at the disposal of Piedmont, and thus to have made her more unable than ever to meet Austria's attack.

Rattazzi was absent when this notable plan was proposed; but it was scouted alike by the Chamber and by the other colleagues of the Minister. Gioberti sent in his resignation, and Rattazzi deemed it fitting to adhere to his chief so far as to place his also in the King's hands. Charles Albert accepted that of Gioberti, and charged Rattazzi with the reconstruction of the Cabinet. Few ministers have ever received the reins of government at a moment when it required greater moral courage to accept them. Within a few weeks of the acceptance of the premiership by Rattazzi, the Ministry found themselves compelled by the force of circumstances to declare the armistice at an end, and proclaim war. The result, in the memorable defeat at Novara, is known to all the world. And Rattazzi had to bear a heavy weight of blame and odium, as having been the counsellor of the course which led to such a catastrophe. But it is unnecessary to occupy our space with all those details of the general history of the time, which prove that this attempt to lay their misfortunes on any one scapegoat—as nations in their trouble will do—was unjust. It will be sufficient to quote the following passage from a speech made at the time by Cavour, who was then sitting on the right:—"This supreme hour" (that of declaring war against Austria) "may strike to-morrow; it may strike in a week—in a month. But strike when it may, it will find us, I am certain, thoroughly united, and of one opinion respecting the means of carrying on the war, as we now all are with regard to the principle of it." Nothing further is needed to show the injustice and absurdity of saddling the Minister with the misfortunes which followed. But with regard to the declaration of war against Austria, and the crushing defeat at Novara, and the abdication of Charles Albert and his broken heart—this is neither the place, nor is this the time to write the real history of these events. Nor are we in possession of the facts with sufficient clearness and certainty to justify us in making revelations which those to whom these facts are known have hitherto judged it unpatriotic to make. But it may be said that there is a chapter of secret history to be written concerning these events; that it will infallibly be one day made known to the world; and that the world's opinion of one or two of the men and things of which it now talks much, and with strong feeling, will be singularly modified when the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, shall be known.

After the armistice resulting from the defeat of Novara, the Government which succeeded to that of Rattazzi had scarcely an easier task before it than its predecessor. The occupation of Alessandria by Austria, and the riots at Genoa, gave serious cause of uneasiness,—the one to the popular party and the Opposition, the other to the monarchy men and the ministry. It seemed that the time was come when a policy, tempered to a just mean between these extreme parties, was needed to restore mutual confidence between the king and his people, and to encourage both of them to hold firm their faith in the cause of liberty. Under these circumstances Rattazzi, with his more immediate political friends, separated themselves from the left, or Radical opposition, as we should say, and formed the party afterwards known as the "left centre," in other words, a party supporting moderate liberal principles. Their programme, or political profession of faith, appeared in the *Opinione*, on the 3rd of December, 1849. It stated that the principles of the new party were

still as they ever had been those of the left; but that all times were not equally propitious for the application of those principles, and that the true science of politics consists mainly in the knowledge of opportunity. Of course, the left centre had to endure a good deal of abuse and ridicule from both the extreme parties. The left branded them as deserters and apostates. The right treated them as utopian dreamers, "doctrinaires," and office-hunters. Nevertheless, the little band of the left centre gradually increased in number. Sundry recruits from the left joined it, one by one. Then, in the course of that session, the party of the "right centre," breaking away from the extreme right, as Rattazzi and his friends had broken away from the extreme left, formed itself under the guidance and auspices of Camillo Cavour. From the first this party showed a tendency to fraternize with the left centre; and within two years that complete union took place between them which constituted that solid majority which has given Government a consistent support through all the vicissitudes of the subsequent years to the present time.

In the important and memorable discussions which soon followed in the chambers on the abolition of the privileged ecclesiastical jurisdictions, and the submission of ecclesiastics to the common law of the land, Cavour and the right centre, and Rattazzi and the left centre, continually drew nearer to each other, both fighting shoulder to shoulder in favour of this difficult but most urgently needed reform. In fact, it was known at that period—the spring of 1851—that a fitting opportunity only was waited for by the two chiefs to ratify publicly a union of the two parties which had hitherto been known by the above appellations. Nor was it necessary to wait long for the occasion required. Immediately after the perpetration of the crime which subjected France to the yoke of a despotism, the new Caesar sent a message to Turin strongly recommending to the Piedmontese Government increased care and vigilance in checking the violence of the press. It was very easy to understand what this meant, and the ministry of the little Subalpine kingdom prepared to obey. On the 17th of December, 1851, the Keeper of the Seal, Deforesta, brought in a bill for the more efficient protection of foreign sovereigns from the attacks of the press. The left would have refused any such concession. The left centre opposed the bill, but rather with the view of supporting a general principle than with any hope of preventing a step which they painfully felt the country was not in a position to venture on refusing to take. The Ministry, representing the right centre, of course supported the bill. The right endeavoured to improve the opportunity into an occasion for restricting the liberty of the press by a more general measure. In the debates on this question, Rattazzi, while speaking against the bill, yet insinuated that the Ministry might, on future occasions, expect the support of his party. And Cavour, boldly separating himself from the right, which had hitherto given the Ministry a cold and hesitating support, declared that under no circumstances, whether in or out of power, would the party to which he belonged consent to abridge, by any fundamental measure, the liberty of the press; and in reply to the conciliatory speech of Rattazzi, said that he trusted that in the coming session the Ministry would have the support of the party to which the honourable member belonged. Thus the fusion of the right and left centres became a public and recognized fact. The right were furious; and Azeglio, who was then at the head of the Cabinet, and whose timidity had already taken the alarm at his colleague Cavour's boldly progressive attitude, thought it necessary to address explanations to all the King's ministers at foreign courts. The result was a split in the Cabinet, which led to Cavour's resignation. But the opinion of the country had gone so strongly with Cavour in the ministerial divergence of opinion, that Azeglio very soon found himself obliged to give way; and Cavour returned to power nominally, as well as in fact, the head of the Cabinet, supported, thanks to his coalition with Rattazzi and his friends of the left centre, by that powerful majority which enabled him boldly to enter on the line of policy which has produced all the wonderful results which the world has since been gazing at with so much admiration.

One of the first results of the coalition had been to place Rattazzi in the Vice-Presidency of the Chamber, and, shortly afterwards, on the death of Pinelli, in the Presidency. The step from that post to the Ministry was a matter of course; in 1854, Cavour became the head of the new Cabinet, and Rattazzi entered it as Minister of Grace and Justice, to which he shortly added the functions of Minister of the Interior, on the retirement of Ponza di San Martino. The most notable event of this portion of Rattazzi's political life, was the enactment of the celebrated measure for the suppression of the monasteries, and the diminution of the revenues of the episcopacy and the richer clergy, to the increase of the stipends of the poorer parish priests. The storm of furious opposition which this project raised, and the reception of it by the Upper Chamber, was such, that nothing but the most decided expression of the opinion of the country, together with the firmness of the Sovereign, could have saved the Ministry. But the law was passed in its entirety, with the sole modification of the appointment of a corporation of special receivers of the ecclesiastical revenues thus sequestered, analogous to our Ecclesiastical Commissioners, instead of the absorption of the funds into the public treasury. This never-to-be-forgotten blow was followed up by Rattazzi by another aimed at the same adversary, in the shape of a bill enacting pains and penalties against clergy abusing the functions of their ministry to seditious purposes. Of course, these measures marked out Rattazzi for the rancorous and implacable hatred of the Church and reactionary parties. At the same time there was a portion of the old extreme left, which had never forgiven him for leaving their ranks to unite himself with a liberal portion of the right in the manner which has been related, and which was probably also stimulated by that resentment which old friends, once partners in obscurity, are apt to feel against one who has risen into a high position, but has left them behind him. A certain amount of irritation may be forgiven to men in such circumstances, but no excuse can be made for the want of principle manifested by a readiness to join with political adversaries of the section of opinion most diametrically opposed to their own, for the gratification of their grudge. But this was what the extreme left were guilty of in the war waged against Rattazzi in the years 1856-7. The result was that the Minister, partly wearied out by this persevering hostility, and partly in consequence of failing health, took the opportunity of the general elections in 1857 to resign. On the meeting of the new chambers, however, the public approbation of his conduct in office was marked very significantly by his election to the Presidency of the Chamber by a very large majority.

Then came the rising of the curtain on the grand spectacle of Italian emar-



icipation and unification. It would be out of place here to repeat any part of a story so well known. Enough has been written of the state of feeling and opinion in Italy after the peace of Villafranca; and the manifold and extreme difficulties with which the nation had to contend in the uphill path of her regeneration and consolidation are sufficiently well known to make it very intelligible to everybody that, if ever a minister came into power reluctantly and in obedience to a sense of patriotic duty only, such must have been the case with Rattazzi when he undertook to occupy the seat vacated by Cavour. The country was profoundly discouraged and profoundly irritated. It was necessary to raise it from its discouragement, and to do so by such means as should, at the same time, soothe, and not add to its irritation. There was a Herculean task of organization to be accomplished, and the measures needed for the accomplishment were such as must inevitably excite opposition and hostility in some sections of the country. The great work of unification imperatively demanded by the will of the nation and the popular voice had to be proceeded with amid the jealousies and ill-will of a great part of Europe, amid the determined opposition of a small but treacherous and unscrupulous party at home, and under the auspices of a false friend, who was straining every nerve to lead the revolution to a very different result from that desired by the nation. Rattazzi found himself obliged to undertake not only the immensely onerous duties of the Ministry of the Interior, but to add to them those of Grace and Justice, and of Ecclesiastical Affairs. And all this had to be done with the certainty that little credit, save of a subordinate kind, would be got for it, seeing that the Rattazzi Ministry, thus necessitated by Cavour's formal resignation, would be considered as one of transition merely, and would be deemed by Europe as little more than a knot of puppets moved by strings held in the powerful hand of the great statesman in retirement at Leri.

No doubt, such was to a great degree really the case;—no doubt, it might be difficult to defend all the measures that the Government adopted during the period in which it held dictatorial power;—no doubt the success with which the union with Emilia and the Duchies was afterwards made an accomplished fact, was mainly due to the patriotism and firmness of the populations of those countries, and of the statesmen who were then guiding their destinies,—above all, of Bettino Ricasoli. But with all this, it is no small praise that the country was brought by the then Ministry through a crisis as difficult as ever marked the history of any nation; that France was finally balked of her intention of breaking up the country into small and impotent fractions; and that, despite some errors, the work of organizing the administration was carried on with very general success. True, the much-desired fusion was not accomplished till after the Rattazzi Ministry had quitted the helm; but without the consummate prudence of the men in power during that critical time, the game would have been lost before the time came for definitively winning it. And that the blame which was cast in some quarters on Rattazzi, for not having accomplished the fusion finally while he was in power, was manifestly unjust, is evident from the fact that it was not accomplished by Cavour till two months after he himself resumed the reins of government.

Rattazzi seems to have felt this injustice very acutely. In his speech on the bill for the cession of Savoy and Nice, on the 26th of May, 1860, he said,—“Accustomed as I have been to see to what extreme of violence party hatred may run, and in spite of all that a painful experience has taught me of the amount of calumny and injurious suspicions to which those are exposed who find themselves unhappily compelled to navigate the stormy sea of political life; despite, I say, of my entire persuasion of this, I could never have imagined that I should this day be blamed for having been adverse to the union with Central Italy, or even for not having sufficiently promoted it.” The orator went on to show that he had been known as one who aspired to the union of Italy, even in the days when most men regarded that union as a dream and a chimera. And we are quite inclined to believe that Rattazzi was much wronged by those who thus accused him. But if those accusers had, in reply to his defence, spoken out their full mind, they would probably have answered, that that old reputation to which he referred for his justification was not incompatible with their present accusation; that he had wished the union of Italy before it became so unhappily clear that the Emperor of the French did not wish it. Up to the present moment the suspicion that Rattazzi was too much under the influence of the French Emperor has prevented his replacing Ricasoli. But the time of Rattazzi has now come. The destinies of Italy are now in his hands. Slender and small in person, and with a weak voice, Rattazzi is yet powerful in debate, from the clearness of his logical arrangement and great argumentative power. Addressing himself almost always rather to convince the intelligence than to move the feelings, he is yet invariably listened to with that eager attention which is rarely accorded by a popular assembly to a merely logical debater. Urbano Rattazzi was born in 1810, and it may therefore be hoped that he may yet continue to serve his country for such a number of years as may, let us hope, suffice to bring her into the smooth water on the further side of the dangerous breakers she is now traversing.

## Reviews of Books.

### MADAME RÉCAMIER.\*

THE contents of this book will give a shock to many prejudices as regards society in France. The ordinary English ideas on this point derived from the ordinary French novel are, not without some justice, considering their source, far from favourable. They picture the every-day fine lady, given up to frivolity and amusement, civilly cool to her husband, passionately devoted to her lover. They picture the every-day gentleman as a cowardly duellist and a cold-blooded profligate. Add to this a few vague highly-coloured notions about grisette life and the idea that every one gambles on the Bourse, and a fair representation will be given of the common-place Englishman's feeling about his neighbours across the water.

The object of the work before us is to show the superiority of a woman's

position in France over that of her sister in England, and the origin of that superiority. With this purpose Madame M. has written a series of nine essays, beginning with one on Madame Récamier, which has already appeared in the *National Review*.

About two years ago Madame Le Normant, the niece of Madame Récamier, wrote her life, and published, with it, much of her correspondence. The impression produced was scarcely favourable, though in accordance with the preconceived idea many persons had of Madame Récamier. It represented her, of course unintentionally, as an accomplished coquette, heartless herself, but trifling with the hearts of others, intellectually insipid, and resting her fame merely on her extraordinary beauty and on the accident of fortune which had thrown her amongst the most remarkable people of her time. It was reserved for Madame M. to place her in a true light; to set before us the innate nobleness and goodness of a woman who, in a society that was not very moral, surrounded with all the temptations of youth and beauty and wealth, with no better protectors than a careless husband and a mother whose reputation was more than equivocal, contrived to keep herself good and pure; to tell us of the fortitude with which exile and poverty and suffering were borne, and how, in later life, when prosperity and beauty were things of the past, she had still tact and tenderness to soothe the old age of Chateaubriand, still intellect to attract and delight Villemain and Ampère.

The story of Madame Récamier's marriage explains much that is strange and inconsistent in her life. At the time it took place all forms of law and religion had disappeared. No priest could perform a marriage ceremony, except at the risk of his life. M. Récamier was a wealthy man and expected to be guillotined every day. Madame M. says:—

“In such fearful times, in daily expectation of death, when all the forms of law and religion had disappeared, it is no longer so impossible to comprehend that if Madame Récamier was his daughter he might have thought the mere legal form of marriage the only chance of securing his fortune to her, and that his death would soon restore her to freedom; besides which, a divorce at that time was so easily obtained and so common that you hear of women who had been married four or five times. It is remarkable that no mention is made of a religious marriage being performed when the churches were re-opened—a practice which was general among all respectable people.”

M. Bernard, the supposed father of Madame Récamier, was Receveur des Finances under Louis XVI., a place he is said to have obtained through his wife's influence over the Minister Calonne. Subsequently she preserved her fortune through the Revolution by the protection of Barrère, the Terrorist.

Madame Récamier, at all events, went through a marriage ceremony with M. Jacques Récamier in 1793, three months after the death of Louis XVI. For three or four years she lived with her mother in complete retirement. At the end of this something like security was restored in France. The desire for social intercourse and the taste for luxury began once more to prevail. Among the most distinguished of the new society was Madame Récamier, whose beauty excited the utmost raptures. It must, indeed, have been something remarkable. Madame M. tells how the people thronged to gaze on her as she walked in the Tuileries gardens. At a *fête* given to Buonaparte on his return from Italy, in the Luxembourg, Madame Récamier stood up while Barras was speaking, to have a better view of the First Consul. The crowd caught sight of her, forgot the orator and the general, and burst into a cheer of admiration. This was the most brilliant period of her life. Her husband bought an hotel in the Rue du Mont Blanc (now the Chaussée d'Antin), and furnished it, as was then thought, sumptuously. Balls and *fêtes* were given here, but intimate friends went to her house at Clichy. It was at this period that she attracted the attention of Lucien Buonaparte, and eventually of Napoleon. Her friendship with Matthieu de Montmorency also began at this time, a friendship which has given rise to many sneers and insinuations. We refer our readers to Madame M.'s account of it. We are also compelled to pass over M. Bernard's arrest, the offer which Madame Murat made her of being her lady-in-waiting, and Fouché's hints that if she accepted a place at Court she might rule the ruler of France. She was now on the eve of her downfall, the bank of France refused a loan M. Récamier applied for, and the result was his failure. She spent some months after this in solitude, and at length went to visit Madame de Staël at Coppet. Here she met Prince Augustus of Prussia, who fell desperately in love with her, and urged her to apply for a divorce. She wrote to her husband on the subject, and he did not refuse his permission, but his letter contained so strong an appeal to his long friendship for her and his present misfortunes, that she abandoned the idea of a separation. Her conduct towards Prince Augustus has been blamed, but he does not seem to have been himself a very faithful lover. In the year 1810 she was banished forty leagues from Paris, owing to her friendship for Madame de Staël. Soon after this she went to Rome and then to Naples. Here she was in 1814, when Murat signed the treaty with the coalition. On the downfall of Napoleon she returned to Paris. In 1817, Madame de Staël died, and in the same year Madame Récamier met M. de Chateaubriand for the first time. He became the object of an attachment, which only ended with life. Two years after her husband again failed, and she retired to the Abbaye aux Bois. Here she remained till 1838. In 1826, Matthieu de Montmorency died suddenly. In 1830 she became a widow. From the Revolution of that year to the '48, her life flowed quietly on, in the enjoyment of the highest and most perfect form of society, and in the most unselfish devotion to M. Chateaubriand. He visited her every day at half-past two. The description of the society which met every day at four at the Abbaye aux Bois is among the most charming things in the book. Madame Récamier disliked talking, but no one was more successful in making others talk. Without the slightest undue prominence on her own part, she knew how to make prominent the best qualities of her friends. She ruled her little circle with the kindest and wisest tact, preventing disputes, checking trivialities.

The '48 brought not only public disturbances, but sorrows of a private nature. For some time previously M. de Chateaubriand had been failing in mind and body, and it had been his faithful friend's constant effort to conceal the ravages which time had made on the former. She herself had not seen him for long, though constantly with him. She was totally blind from cataract, one eye having been lost through the generous effort she made to attend her old and tried friend M. de Ballanche on his death-bed. Now, old

\* Madame Récamier. With a Sketch of the History of Society in France. By Madame M. London: Chapman & Hall.



and blind as she was, she braved the dangers of the perpetual firing and the barricades, and never missed a day in visiting Chateaubriand. This lasted about four months; he died on the 3rd July, 1848. Madame Récamier died herself in the April of the following year, of cholera.

The object of the eight remaining essays is to show the gradual development of the kind of society described in the one of which we have already spoken.

The first of these is devoted to the history of the tenth and eleventh centuries. It describes the terrible brutality of manners which prevailed up to that time, and their gradual improvement, owing partly to the influence of the clergy, aided by the chivalrous poetry which now began to be moulded out of the soft Provençal tongue. As a protest against the barbarous marriages of earlier times, unions between a lady and her knight were solemnly contracted. The form of this ceremonial was borrowed from that by which a vassal vowed fidelity to his lord. It was frequently ratified by a priest. The duty of the lady was to stimulate her knight to noble actions, of the knight to protect and obey her, but the connection between them was supposed to be one of exalted friendship, and in one case a lady who married a knight was supposed to have lost him.

The next essay is a kind of continuation of the above, and contains many details respecting the Provençal troubadours, and the men whom a word or look could send across the seas to fight the infidels:—

"For they have left, those Southron knights, the land they love so well,  
The feast of fair Montpellier and the Toulouse carrousel,  
And the chase in the early morning, when the keen and pleasant breeze  
Came cold to the cheek from many a peak of the snowy Pyrenees."

But the crusade against the Albigeois, in the thirteenth century, put an end to the brilliant civilization of the south. The troubadours fled to Italy, the knights and their ladies perished in battle or by persecution. But the influence of those days of chivalry was lasting, and to it Madame M. traces the dignified and honoured position to which women have attained in France.

The most interesting part of the book is undoubtedly that which relates to Madame de Rambouillet. It was she who may be said to have founded the *salons*, whose influence has been so long continued and so extensive. Society was in her day more or less corrupt, and modes of expression were coarse; she laid the foundation of at least more refined manners. Vaugelas and Malherbe, Balzac and Voiture, were her constant visitors. Gradually a society was formed at her house which had for its object the improvement of the French language. Eventually the protection of Richelieu was forced upon it; letters patent were issued, and it was styled the French Academy. It has survived more than 200 years, and now, as the Institut de France, is the last rallying-point of free thought and intellectual progress.

Madame de Rambouillet's immediate successor was her daughter, Julie d'Angenne, who late in life became Madame de Montausier. She was the friend and companion of Mademoiselle de Scudery, chiefly known now as the authoress of the prolix "Grand Cyrus," in which under feigned names, she describes the society of her own time. She is chiefly remarkable as having been one of a cluster of unmarried ladies who at this time, and this time only, possessed some reputation and influence in society. Madame de Sablé is the next person described. She is chiefly interesting as having, without youth, fortune, or literary reputation, established so strong a social position as to be like Madame de Rambouillet before her, and Madame de Staël in later days, an object of suspicion to the Government. She was the intimate friend of Madame de Longueville, who forms the subject of the succeeding paper.

We feel that it is unnecessary to say anything on Madame de Maintenon. Her history is too well known for much additional light to be thrown on the subject.

In conclusion, Madame M. draws a comparison between the position of women in England and that in France. While we think she is somewhat unfair to the circles who have assembled, and do still assemble, round really cultivated and intellectual women, we are unwillingly forced to confess that she is right about common-place life. We close her book with sadness. In a few years the last relics of the charming society it describes will have departed, and the Rue du Bac, where the most distinguished men in France still crowd round a not unworthy successor of Madame de Rambouillet and Madame Récamier, may have been swept away to make room for the external magnificence with which the new régime attempts to hide its intellectual poverty.

#### THE DANUBE AND THE ADRIATIC.\*

PATRIOTISM is a virtue—at all events, it is a sentiment—of which it is very difficult to explain either the genesis or the nature. On the one hand, moral sentiments can hardly have any connection with geography, and attachment to the white cliffs of Albion is, if distinct and rational, rather an expression of taste than a philanthropic feeling. On the other hand, the sentiment is one to which cultivated minds often attach a moral sanction, and it unquestionably gives rise to self-sacrificing and generous actions. Perhaps a close analysis might discover that patriotism is nothing more than a mixture of self-interest with allegiance to the social contract, and to describe it thus is neither to undervalue its claims nor to disparage its influence. Love to men is an obvious duty, and one of perfectly general application; and the only justification which Englishmen can possibly find for preferring their fellow-countrymen to Frenchmen is, that in the first place they are bound to them by sharing the same laws and taxes, and that, in the second, this arrangement is one which is conducive to their profit.

The appearance of such a work as Mr. Paton's cannot but suggest the inquiry whether it is possible that a sentiment such as that which binds a nation together should exist among the members either of a whole continent or of a family of kindred races. Mr. Paton has spent many years of his life in exploring the south-east of Europe, and in describing the character and pursuits, the history and progress, of nations which, in respect of trade, social intercourse, literature, and science, have absolutely no direct connection with ourselves. He has done it with industry and intelligence; and

the four works now republished in two small and pleasant volumes are the result of his labours. Now, is this garnered information, are these histories, statistics, and sketches to be read with something of the same practical interest with which we read the records of the Kings of England, or pictures of character drawn from Irish peasants and Dorsetshire labourers? Can we bring ourselves to feel that the Danube stands to us, as Europeans, in the same light that the Dover cliffs stand to us as Englishmen? Can we in any sense recognise the Servians and Illyrians as connected with us by any closer link than that which binds us to the tribes of Africa and America? We are so strongly convinced of the existence of this connection, and of the importance of its recognition, that Mr. Paton's excellent books on the frontier races of Europe acquire with us an additional value from the heartiness with which he looks on their history and position as matters of general European interest.

The outlines of European history, as regards the mixture and conflict of races, can be stated in a very few words. Two thousand years ago, the Greeks and Romans had often come into contact with another race, akin to their own, which occupied, and still occupies, the greater part of western Europe. Germans and Gauls have little changed, in respect of latitude and longitude, since then. They were aware also that a different race, pressing westwards, occupied what now is South Russia. This last was the Slavonic race. How far it advanced cannot be accurately known; but the German Teutons held it back on the west, and the Scandinavians, who had crossed from Russia before the memory of man, limited it on the north. During the Roman empire fresh Asiatic tribes invaded Europe, streaming in countless hordes over its richest plains. They have left their traces in Spain, in Italy, in Hungary; but their influence has not been permanent. Since then, smaller migrations of Jutes, Saxons, Franks, and many others, have taken place; but, generally speaking, in the days of the empire of the East, Europe was peopled, with two exceptions, much as it is now. Ten centuries ago, the Magyars, an Asiatic race, fought their way from the north, and settled in Hungary, where they remain to this day; and four centuries ago the Turks, perhaps their distant kinsmen, appeared in Thrace, conquered Servia, invaded Germany, and at last, in the time of our William of Orange, were repulsed before Vienna. Europe was saved from the most terrible danger, it is not too much to say, that ever threatened the human race. They retreated behind the Danube; they have never re-crossed it, and certainly never will. But any one who will read the description of the wars of Prince Eugene, and the desperate struggles of the Asiatic enemy,—who will look through some letters or narratives of the time, with their mingled hatred and terror of the invader, their panic-stricken apprehensions of his advance, their sympathy for the races that had fallen already before him,—will feel perhaps some pleasure also in the reflection that we have interests on the Danube which Slavonic races have guarded for us at the expense of countless lives, and that the notion of a European system of nations is not one invented by diplomatists, but one consecrated at once by community in danger and community in the results of deliverance.

Slavonic races form thus the frontier of Europe. A traveller might start from Trieste, follow the course of the Save and Danube, coast along the Black Sea, mount the Pruth, and descend the Vistula to Dantzic, and never, except perhaps for a few leagues of Bessarabia, pass through any other than a Slavonic community; for even Bulgarians are virtually, if not by pedigree, Slavonic. It is to the southern portion of this fringe, if we may so call it, that Mr. Paton limits his narrative; and it embraces also the mixed tribes of central and eastern Hungary. The early part of the first volumes relates to Servia; and nothing could be more interesting, and at the same time more unpretending, than his description. Ranke's history has been hitherto the best known work on Servia; and this sketch of Mr. Paton's forms an admirable pendant to it. The history of the country is a very striking one. Scattered principalities collected, about 1200 A.D., into a powerful and imposing monarchy. A hundred years later their territory extended from sea to sea, and even Constantinople was menaced by the "Macedonian Christ-loving Tsar." A hundred years more, and it had fallen utterly and irrevocably on the field of Kossova, and the Turks were pressing across the Danube. Year after year, during the great conflict of races, their troops marched on through Servia to fight on the plains of Hungary. At last they fell back; Servia for twenty years joined Austria, and then fell under the sway of the Porte again. The romantic episode of the rebellion under Kara Georg, early in this century, is well told by Mr. Paton, who omits, however, something of the previous history; and we cannot but wish he had continued his narrative to the struggles of Milosch as well. When there is so much to learn from Mr. Paton's book, we have no desire to enter into detailed criticisms of its contents; but it is to be observed that he attaches more value to the early chronicles of the country than their semi-mythical character is generally thought to deserve. There are one or two points, moreover, in the customs of the southern Slaves upon which we should have been glad of fuller information. There is no race more superstitious, and few more conservative; and it would be interesting to know from so good an authority how far the character of the people in this respect is changing. The author mentions, too, a custom by which two individuals vow eternal brotherhood and friendship, and says that the custom is disappearing. But has the "Sadruka," the confederation of families, for social and industrial purposes, which was the most distinctive of all Slavonic customs, been already reduced to this?

Both in his account of the coasts of the Adriatic, and in that of Hungary, Mr. Paton has two especial claims to popularity. He has seen something of the society in the countries which he describes; and he takes an interest in the details of their wars. We seem as we read really to know something of the life of Ragusa and Spalato, and to appreciate the difficulties and the triumphs of Bem and Georgey. Of the old "military frontier" indeed—the vast machinery for the defence of the Danube,—he says little; but the part which the several races of Hungary took in the events of 1849 is most clearly drawn. We have before us the brave but selfish Magyar, the patient and industrious Slovak, the civilized Saxon, the fierce and illiterate Daco-Roman. The writer is not without strong political sympathies, and he argues forcibly in their defence. All that he has to say on the Austrian side of the question has often been said before, and the question itself is one of those difficult ones in which action is always sure to outrun theory; but we were certainly not prepared for the description Mr. Paton gives of the entire alienation of the other Hungarian races from the dominant Magyars, or for

\* Researches on the Danube and the Adriatic; or, Contributions to the Modern History of Hungary and Transylvania, Dalmatia and Croatia, Servia and Bulgaria. By A. A. Paton, F.R.G.S. London: Trübner.



his picture of the desolation caused by the civil war. When we read now of the unanimity with which the Hungarian Diet pursues its end, it is difficult to throw ourselves back into the position of twelve years ago, when whole provinces rose in arms against the insolence of Magyar tyranny. We have read somewhere of a Hungarian proverb, which declares that "the Magyar is born on horseback;" and it was quite in accordance with the spirit of this that the proud nobles, Tartar in blood, feudal in spirit and discipline, rode down, as it were, the less impetuous races, their superiors in intellect and civilization. Mr. Paton has collected a number of interesting facts bearing upon the struggle. He declares that Kossuth, whom he chiefly hates, is not a Magyar at all, but a Slovak; he describes the Debreczin convention as unconstitutional and unpopular; and traces the ruin of the Hungarian cause to the deterioration of the principles of Georgey and Sechenyi in the hands of their ultra-revolutionary successors. Jealousy of the former he affirms to have been the cause of the most violent measures of Kossuth, whose position he sums up thus (what the Latin words in the last sentence are intended to mean, it is impossible even to guess):—

"In conclusion, it would be difficult to find, in the whole range of history, a man of more splendid genius than Kossuth, as the incendiary rhetorician, in contradistinction to Sechenyi, the patriotic reformer, and Batthyany, the practical revolutionary statesman. If Sechenyi be immortal, for the erection of the modern temple of the Hungarian liberty, Kossuth has also for all time, *prima facie*, associated his name with it as its Herostratus.

There is one question likely to arise in some of the countries of which we have been speaking, of which no mention is made in the books before us. Mr. Paton does not speak much of the religion of the Danubian Provinces; as, however, his narrative dates from twelve years ago, it could not contain any allusion to the subject of which we speak. A singular movement has lately been taking place in some of the dependencies of the Porte, for a transfer of the religious allegiance of the population. The disaffection of the Southern Slaves to the Greek Church has for a long time been notorious. Its hold upon them is not of the earliest standing; it dates certainly from a time subsequent to the mission of Cyril, who found the Bulgarians already evangelized in the interest of the Latin Church. The foreign domination of the Greek Patriarchs of Constantinople seems at last to be tottering. A specimen of its feeble tenure of power was given in Transylvania in 1848; and wholesale changes of religion are not unknown of old in Bosnia and Albania. Some indications have been lately given that the Roman Catholic Church may hope for further secessions. Some thousands of Bulgarians have lately sent a memorial to Rome, stating their willingness to join the Western communion if certain national privileges can be secured to them. We do not know how the question stands at present; but there can be hardly a doubt that some political feeling is indicated by the request. The religious and political sympathies of these provinces have always drawn them in different directions; and the influence of Russia would have been far stronger than it is if it had not been for the dislike with which the Greek Church is regarded. Now that France has conspicuously interfered more than once in the cause of Latin Christianity, and has at the same time come forward as the champion of nationalities, it is easy to see in what direction the thoughts of these would-be seceders are pointing. Those who think that England, more than any other nation, ought to extend the sphere of her sympathies—that by her colonies, her commerce, her science, she is bound to claim all human things as in some sense within the circle of her interest—will not be disposed to look coldly upon the countries in which these questions are at work. They bore the brunt of the terrible invasion which seemed likely once to overwhelm us; and they suffer its consequences still. While yet, as Lamartine says, the Turk is "encamped in Europe"—while we are obliged, on political grounds, to support an empire which on no other conceivable grounds deserves or would receive our support,—the least we can give to those nations which have partly achieved their old independence is an intelligent sympathy, and we can recommend no better source than these two volumes of Mr. Paton's for obtaining that acquaintance with persons and things without which all intelligent sympathy is impossible.

#### THE WARS IN CANADA.\*

DESPITE of historical professors and Manchester economists, it seems probable that Canada will, for some time to come, form an integral portion of the empire, and the best plan of defending that province will still form an interesting problem. Whether, as Lord Palmerston charitably suggested, our recent altercation with the United States is to be the prelude of a tranquil millennium of international amenities, or whether, as the American press was at so much pains to demonstrate, the injured dignity of Transatlantic patriots but waits a favourable moment for visiting a signal vengeance upon the insolent Britisher, are questions too obscure, and too entirely conjectural, to allow of our adopting any hypothesis but that least favourable to a parsimonious inactivity. The "unfortunate accident" of the *Trent* proved, if nothing else, how tempestuous and excitable a neighbour we have on our Canadian frontier, and how valuable an argument may sometimes be brought to bear upon an awkward discussion by a ready supply of Armstrong guns, fast-sailing transports, and well-drilled battalions. Mr. Bright will convince no one but himself that the American temperament is as yet sufficiently calm, and American politeness sufficiently precise, entirely to supersede the old-fashioned vulgar expedients of steel and gunpowder; and Englishmen having resolved that Canada may have to be defended, will be glad to learn in what manner that defence may be best secured, and to what points it would have especially to be directed. These considerations have no doubt led Sir James Carmichael Smith to choose the present moment for publishing a very well written and interesting report, drawn up in 1825 by his father, at the direction of the Duke of Wellington, and throwing great light, both from a review of the past, and a critical examination of the geography of the country, upon the dangers against which we should, in case of any rupture, have to guard, and the line of attack which would probably be adopted.

\* *Précis of the Wars in Canada, from 1755 to the Treaty of Ghent, in 1814. With Military and Political Reflections. By the late Maj.-Gen. Sir James Carmichael Smith. Tinsley, Brothers, 1861.*

Sir James Carmichael Smith had served with great distinction, before the survey of the defences of Canada were intrusted to his hands. In 1805 he attended Sir David Baird, as commanding Engineer, in the expedition for the recapture of the Cape of Good Hope; and after the defeat of the Dutch he remained as acting Colonial Secretary. In 1808 he sailed, under the same commander, for the Peninsula, and was engaged in Sir John Moore's army during the exciting campaign which Corunna terminated. He was subsequently ordered to serve in the Low Countries, assisted at the assault of Bergen-op-Zoom, and, after the treaty of Ghent, in 1814, was employed to reconstruct and strengthen the fortresses which the French had abandoned, and to put the defences of the whole frontier of the Netherlands in the most complete efficiency, with a view to the invasion, which shortly afterwards took place. At Quatre Bras and Waterloo he was on the Duke's private staff, and was afterwards stationed at Cambray with the army of occupation. Some years later he made another military tour of inspection through the Low Countries, and the Duke of Wellington's approval of the manner in which he had fulfilled a similar mission in the West Indies led to his being employed to report on the defences of Canada. In 1829 he was promoted to the governorship of the Bahama Islands, and subsequently to that of British Guiana. His death took place in 1838, and Lord Glenelg, then Colonial Secretary, in a letter written upon that occasion, bears very strong testimony to the good sense, humanity, and resolution, with which the duties of both those posts had been discharged.

Our first military expedition to Canada augured ill for the eventual triumph of British arms. In 1711 the Ministry determined upon striking a blow at France in her dependencies, and an English fleet was sent up the St. Lawrence, which was to co-operate with a body of New Englanders advancing from Albany by way of Lake Champlain. The expedition was completely mismanaged, and had no other effect than that of arousing the attention of the French, and the consequent fortification of Cape Breton, upon which, it is said, that £1,250,000 was expended by the orders of the Duke of Orleans. During the peace which followed the treaty of Utrecht until the outbreak of the war of the Austrian succession, Canada made enormous advances in population and material prosperity. Nor did that war affect her tranquillity, except that Cape Breton was seized by a *coup de main* and occupied by an English force till the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, in 1748. The first struggle of any importance was that of the Seven Years' War, which commenced in 1755, and resulted, at the peace of Paris, in the cession of Canada to the British crown. The next was that which formed a portion of the American War of Independence, and is memorable less for its immediate effects than for the unfortunate capitulation of General Burgoyne's army, with which it is naturally associated. The third owed its origin to animosities arising out of the stringent measures to which the war against Napoleon had driven the English Government, and to the miscalculations of those American politicians who thought in 1812 that England was weak enough to allow of a successful raid upon her boundaries. It was terminated by the treaty of Ghent in 1814. Of each of these Sir J. Carmichael Smith gives a matter-of-fact and soldier-like account, in a style whose very simplicity is sometimes its best ornament. An author who wrote for the special perusal of the Duke of Wellington, was little likely to indulge in sentimental rhetoric, or unnecessary amplitude of description; and one is agreeably reminded throughout the whole work that it was inspired by a graver purpose, and directed to more practical ends, than are for the most part the final causes of modern literature. It is well known that the Duke of Wellington prided himself on his acquaintance with "Caesar's Commentaries," and the style of the Duke's Lieutenant is a worthy imitation of the great Roman General. In the middle of the last century, diplomatists had somewhat vague ideas of the topography of Northern America, and the boundaries of the English and French provinces had been left by the treaties both of Utrecht and of Aix-la-Chapelle in that indistinctness which is so conducive to present peace and future quarrels. About the year 1750 the French began a line of posts from Lake Erie to the Ohio, so as to threaten the rear of Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia. Great alarm was felt, numerous representations were made, the provincials of Virginia had a little fighting on their own private account, and in 1755 General Braddock arrived with a British force, to drive back the unwelcome encroachers. A fourfold expedition was determined on: he himself was to march against Duquesne (now called Pittsburg, after the great Chatham). On the Ohio two regiments were to go by way of the Hudson River, the Mohawk River, and Lake Oneida, to Oswego on Lake Ontario, to attack the French settlements at Niagara; a third party were to blockade Crown Point, a French post on Lake Champlain, and a fourth, from Nova Scotia and Massachusetts, was to proceed against the settlements on the bay of Fundy, particularly Fort Beau Séjour, situated on the peninsula which connects Nova Scotia with the mainland. Of these, only the last was successful; General Braddock himself was killed, and the next year Lord Loudon arrived with reinforcements, which made bold measures more feasible. An attack was to be made on Niagara, and a flotilla to be built to maintain British ascendancy on Lake Ontario, while the main army was to advance from Albany, and dispossess the French of their strongholds on Lake Champlain.

Fortune, however, still frowned upon the British arms: the French, under the Marquis of Montcalm, appeared suddenly before Oswego, where a large amount of military stores had been collected, and where a little fleet was in course of construction, and the place and its treasures fell into their hands. It was not till 1758 that any satisfactory success was achieved: Major-General Abercrombie had now superseded Lord Loudon, and resolved upon atoning for the inactivity of his predecessor. An expedition was directed against Cape Breton, with a view to opening the line of the St. Lawrence for subsequent operations, and both that Island and Prince Edward's Island were surrendered in July. Meanwhile, Abercrombie had failed in an attack upon Ticonderoga, but the capture of Duquesne on the Ohio more than compensated for this reverse, and obliged the French to fall back upon their posts on the Mississippi. The next year was distinguished by the splendid, yet dearly bought success, which threw Quebec into our hands, and raised the name of Wolfe so high in the list of British heroes; while another attack was made with equally happy results on the fort at Niagara, and the line of posts between Lake Erie and Duquesne. These advantages encouraged the English Government to strike such a blow as might forthwith bring the war to a close, and General Amherst determined to

SOME OF THE HISTORICAL... numerous, that and they would divide them into localities in the attempted to places and even for civil and we all know the great struggle bound in people them. London and which, when Englishmen, citizens to dis support all she has carried produced a belief in the intention, and to pick out a avoided. Miss Metey liberty and the the primeval the earlier pe be not quite field, as the belief from the

\* The Halloway London: Marib



advance upon Montreal from three different points; one corps was to descend the St. Lawrence from Lake Ontario, another was to ascend it from Quebec, while a third was to advance from the south by way of Lake Champlain. The author's curious account of the difficulties of navigating the St. Lawrence has now, of course, lost its main interest, from the changes which have been since effected, and the admirable system of docks, which now open that river to craft of considerable dimensions. No such advantages then existed, and Sir J. Carmichael Smith criticises with considerable severity the rashness which exposed the attacking force to so much unnecessary danger and hardship. A combined advance from Lake Champlain would, he writes, have been far preferable in a military point of view to a gratuitous division of an army none too powerful in the first instance; and the losses which actually occurred in an unmolested passage might have been turned, had the French been sufficiently on the alert, into a complete catastrophe. Montreal, however, fell, and it became probable that the French troops in Canada, dispirited by their reverses, and cut off from succours from home, would shortly submit to a general capitulation. The war lingered feebly on. With the exception of an attack on Newfoundland in 1762, no considerable effort was made by the French to retrieve their losses, and the peace of Paris in the following year left us in unquestioned possession of Canada, Cape Breton, Prince Edward's Isle, and the military posts in the Bay of Fundy.

The part of the American War of Independence which affected our Canadian possessions presented little enough that Englishmen can regard with complacency. The Congress, conscious of the angry feelings generally existing between the French Canadians and their southern neighbours, was naturally apprehensive that Canada would be made a standing-ground for British forces, and resolved upon mastering the country before the enemy was in force to resist their occupation. A sudden movement, and a forced march of almost unprecedented difficulty over the highlands of Maine, threw almost the whole line of the St. Lawrence into their hands; Montreal, completely unprepared, at once surrendered; the Canadians, however, resisted all attempts to seduce them from their allegiance, and Quebec held out till the arrival of an English squadron turned the tide of victory against the invaders, and drove them from all their newly-acquired positions. The reader will find a minute account of the subsequent movements upon the Hudson River, and of the various incidents and manœuvres which drove General Burgoyne into the unfortunate capitulation of Saratoga. The object of the campaign was to assemble such a force at Albany, as might threaten the rear of the Massachusetts and Connecticut provinces; and this, the author considered, might have been equally well effected by arrangements less complicated and less dependant upon a variety of contingencies, than those which resulted in one of the most conspicuous reverses ever received by a British force. The delay, too, which characterized the southward advance of the English, was a guarantee of a failure from the outset; and it appears that had General Burgoyne not been obliged to lay down his arms at Saratoga, a similar catastrophe must have inevitably have overtaken him at Albany.

Our limits forbid us to follow Sir J. Carmichael Smith into the concluding portion of his report. Even at that early period, his good sense convinced him of the extreme importance of settling our Maine frontier in such a manner as to secure us convenient access to our American possessions. He would probably have been but little content with the arrangements which finally drew the boundary line so manifestly to our disadvantage, and which would leave us, in case of war, with a hostile district protruding far into our territory, and cutting us off from our best means of supply. The splendid line of railway which now skirts the banks of the St. Lawrence, and stretches away to Lake Huron, is, of course, of the greatest value in a strategical point of view, and that, so often discussed, from Halifax to Quebec, would save us from much of the principal anxiety which the threatening of an American war occasioned. The only pressing necessity as regards Canada is to be able to come to her rescue with reasonable promptitude; and local energy and the patriotism of which we have had lately so signal an example, would be best utilized and encouraged by Government lending its countenance to such measures as might ensure us for the future against the difficulties which were experienced by us within the last three months.

#### SOME OF THE HISTORICAL ASSOCIATIONS OF LONDON.\*

The historical associations connected with our metropolis are so infinitely numerous, that it would not be easy to bring them all into an ordinary book, and they would form, in no small degree, a history of England. But we can divide them into classes, and we can take them as attached to particular localities in the great city and its suburbs. This is what Miss Meteyard has attempted to do in the book before us; and she has chosen for her theme the places and events "made memorable by the struggles our forefathers had for civil and religious freedom." The idea, we think, was a happy one, for we all know that London was especially the stage upon which most of those great struggles were acted, and they were just such as became lastingly bound in people's memories with the particular localities which witnessed them. London was a city the municipality of which was almost a sovereignty, and which, while participating and sympathizing in the national feelings of Englishmen, possessed in itself a power and independence which enabled its citizens to display those feelings without fear, and to lend a powerful hand to support all the national movements and insurrections. We think that she has carried out her design in a very meritorious manner, and that she has produced a book which ought to be popular among Englishmen. It was her intention, indeed, to write a popular book; and we are by no means inclined to pick out any slight errors of detail which in such books have rarely been avoided.

Miss Meteyard has an evident preference for the struggles for religious liberty and the right of freedom of thought, and after a preliminary sketch of the primeval features of the spot on which our metropolis was built, and of the earlier periods of its history, in some parts of which we might, perhaps, be not quite inclined to agree with her, she introduces us to ancient Smithfield, as the first scene of martyrdom of those who dissented in religious belief from the Church of Rome. The selection arose from accidental circum-

stances connected with the locality. Smithfield, in the earliest times when we know anything of it, was a wild and solitary spot, and evidently a place of ill report, for there, at a rather remote period, the citizens of London had erected a gallows, on which at least two individuals of high rank and of very remarkable character are known to have perished, the Scottish patriot Wallace in 1305, and Roger de Mortimer, the proud and ambitious paramour of Edward II.'s queen, in 1330. When, therefore, the rulers of the Church began to burn the Wycliffites in Smithfield, it was, no doubt, in the first place because it was already a well-known place of execution, and also, perhaps, because in its neighbourhood had stood, since the twelfth century, an important religious house, the monastery of St. Bartholomew, so that these early religious reformers may be said to have been carried to execution in the presence of the church system against which they had rebelled. The details of these successive executions for conscience sake are so similar to one another, so full of repetition of the same horrors, that Miss Meteyard has wisely, in a book like this, entered into few details, taking only for her special example the case of the fair and unfortunate maiden, Anne Askew.

From Smithfield we are introduced to the Tower, the scene of martyrdom of a different description. That celebrated fortress, the Tower of London, is an edifice, in part at least, of very remote antiquity, for there appears to be no room for doubt that some portions of its foundations are Roman work, remains probably of a fortress built to protect the navigation of the Thames where it approached the important city of Londinium. We know little of its history under the Anglo-Saxons, but under the Normans it was rebuilt as a fortress, and became a royal residence; and at a later period, when the Crown laboured to gain despotic power, it was made a state prison. It appears before us, therefore, as a sort of emblem of that great struggle out of which the English Constitution emerged complete and victorious.

The martyrs of the Tower are thus no less interesting than those of Smithfield; and those who first became remarkable, indeed, met their fate more through the question of religious than of political reform. These were Bishop Fisher of Rochester, who opposed the king's supremacy in ecclesiastical matters, when it was first asserted by Henry VIII.; Sir Thomas More, who suffered in the same cause; and Henry's own minister, Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, to whose agency the Reformation owes so much of its first triumph. All these perished on that spot which was formerly clothed with so many terrors, Tower Hill. After the reign of Queen Mary, difference in religious opinions was no longer made a capital crime; but there were still many men who, with some remains of the old spirit of feudalism, were ready to rise against the Crown in mere wanton defiance; or who, much more numerous, were prepared, as true patriots, to resist all attempts in the monarch to establish or exercise arbitrary power. Miss Meteyard has selected as examples of these two classes of offenders, the young Earl of Essex, the wayward favourite of Elizabeth's declining years, and the patriot, Sir John Eliot, the martyr in defence of the independence and rights of Parliament. Perhaps she has estimated rather too highly the character of Essex; but we fully enter into her views of the character of Eliot, who, it must be remembered, though a state prisoner in the Tower, died there only a natural death, accelerated, no doubt, by his imprisonment. These are the names connected with the great state prison which are selected for more prominent notice, while the host of other distinguished prisoners are more slightly enumerated, or merely alluded to.

Miss Meteyard has given to her next chapter a rather mysterious title,—*"The Philosophy of Fruit,"* which, on reading it, we might almost suppose should be reversed, and changed into *"The Fruit of Philosophy."* Its subject is the immortal Lord Bacon, and the "spots of London" more especially connected with his life; York House, in the Strand, where he was born, and which was afterwards his town residence; and Gray's Inn, which was his home as a lawyer; with a passing account of his favourite country-house, Gorhambury, in Hertfordshire. Of these, York House has long ceased to exist; and Gray's Inn is greatly changed, so much so that it seems doubtful if there are any remains of that part of the building in which Bacon lodged. Gorhambury also is gone. The Fleet Prison, the subject of another chapter, has suggested to the authoress of the book before us as a theme the sufferings of the Nonconformists, as in it many of the more celebrated of the earlier dissenters from the Established Church of England were confined. The Temple and Lincoln's Inn introduce us similarly to the bench and the bar, and we become acquainted with the great judges and lawyers of former days; while, in another chapter, St. Stephen's Chapel and Whitehall bring us to the Parliament and Court. We are thence led back into some of the most populous parts of the city, Bread-street, Petty France, and Cripplegate, where it is sufficient to say that we meet with Milton. The next chapter carries us across the river to Lambeth and Southwark, which are connected with the history of the Pilgrim Fathers, whose dissent from the forms and principles of church government at home drove them to the distant shores of America. Following Miss Meteyard next into a totally different part of the town, we arrive at Bunhill Fields, where she takes up her theme of "greatness in the dust,"—greatness, it must be understood, in that particular field of distinction on which she loves to dwell. In the cemetery of Bunhill Fields, which was originally a burial-place for those who died in the great plague, were buried John Bunyan and Daniel De Foe, names which will be remembered as long as English literature exists, and Dr. Thomas Goodwin, one of the great leaders of the Independents, with Dr. Watts, and other names, not unknown to fame, though of less historical importance. It will be seen that Miss Meteyard selects her heroes chiefly from a very strongly-marked class in our history, chiefly moral or religious reformers, and rather especially Puritans and Dissenters. Three more chapters complete the volume, the subject of the first of which is the Bull and Mouth Meeting House and White Hart Court, Gracechurch-street, the early headquarters of Quakerism; of the second, Hampstead, the residence of Sir Harry Vane the younger, and Acton, at one time the scene of the labours of Richard Baxter; and of the third, Stoke Newington, well known as the residence of De Foe and others, who actively supported liberal opinions when they only led to persecution and public disgrace. George Fox, Harry Vane, Richard Baxter, and Daniel De Foe, complete the list of Miss Meteyard's worthies.

A strong, and we may add an honest, spirit of Puritanism, indeed, pervades this volume, and Puritanism has, perhaps, seldom been presented in so elegant and attractive a form. Miss Meteyard's heroes are all men whose

\* *The Hallowed Spots of Ancient London.* By Eliza Meteyard (Silverpen). Small 4to. London: Mariborough & Co.



lives have, in one way or another, been beneficial to their country and to humanity, and their descendants in general should know something of their history, which, with only a few exceptions, has not hitherto been given in any popular form. She has sought to bring it home to people by distributing it among its various localities as a frame for the whole, which throws more life into the pictures, and by clothing it attractively. We think that she has carried out her design extremely well, and that she has brought together a collection of pleasing sketches of old London, and peopled them with individuals who are something more than mere samples of the ordinary humanity of the periods at which they flourished.

#### THE TURNER GALLERY.\*

THE life of Turner seems to us a very sad story. It is true that he was eminently successful in his professional career, and that few of the checks and disappointments with which most men meet fell to his share. His talents were fully appreciated, his industry was richly rewarded; no losses swept away from him the fruits of laborious years, nor did the cold shadow of death blot out the sunshine from his days. He enjoyed his work, and he was able to continue it to the last; he loved money, and it was given to him in profusion. He was one of those men on whose merits and good fortune some moralists delight to dwell. Though destitute of all advantages of birth or means, he forced his way from obscurity to fame, and added another great name to the honoured list of those who have made themselves. And yet we call his life a sad one. Many a man whose story the world would think really tragic, whose career has been a long and ineffectual struggle against difficulties which he could not overcome, and who, falling a victim to his devotion to a failing cause, has been deemed a subject for mere pity and regret, has been in reality more successful than those on whom fortune has smiled, and who have been always on the winning side. There are and always will be artists who find it hard enough to make their earnings equal their expenses, and who have long ago given up the day-dream of their youth, the hope of being world-famous, but whose lives are full of sunshine, and who are remembered after their death with a love and reverence which are far more to be desired than any amount of critical admiration. But for such love Turner cared but little. Deliberately cutting himself off from the society and sympathies of his fellow-men, he lived the life of a miserly recluse, ever grasping at more wealth, and sorrowing over every expenditure. Heedless of others' pains and pleasures, "himself unto himself he sold," and while he placed little restraint on the gratification of his senses, he refused to link himself to the world by household ties. And so when his life ended, though all regretted that a mighty genius had passed away, there were few to mourn the man. The relatives whom he had always kept at a distance divided among themselves the wealth he had been hoarding up for another purpose. His will was set aside, and his schemes of posthumous liberality fell to the ground; his college for decayed artists remains unbuilt, his pictures have narrowly escaped the auction-room, and—his biography has been written by Mr. Thornbury.

Few incidents diversified the even tenor of Turner's life. From the day when he chose painting instead of hairdressing as a profession, to that winter morning on which he lay dying in his Chelsea hiding-place, there are few events to chronicle in his career beyond his professional successes. His foreign tours or home excursions were the only breaks in his monotonous existence. It is stated that, as a young man, he was engaged to be married, but that the match was broken off. If it had taken place, perhaps his whole life might have been different. The sunny influence of home might have softened that rugged nature, and have quickened kindly feelings, which were never able to break through the icy coat of selfishness. There must have been strong natural sympathies with mankind in the heart whose beat was so accordant with the pulse of nature, and he to whom

"The tall rock,  
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,  
Their colours and their forms,"—

were indeed—

"An appetite; a feeling and a love  
That had no need of a remoter charm  
By thought supplied, or any interest  
Unborrowed from the eye,"—

would surely, if he had not purposely closed his ears, have heard oftentimes—

"The still, sad music of humanity,  
Not harsh, nor grating, though of ample power  
To chasten and subdue."

The love of nature remained alive to the last in Turner's heart. In his little waterside retreat at Chelsea he still delighted to watch the effects he had so long studied and so often depicted. All the varied moods and changes of the earth, the sea, the sky, he attempted to render on his canvas, and with such success that we find, as it were, a guide to nature in a complete collection of his drawings.

The "Turner Gallery" now before us, contains engravings from sixty of his pictures, and forms a really magnificent work. Full justice has been in general done to the originals, and the glorious pictures of "Apollo killing the Python," and "Hannibal crossing the Alps," as well as the "Rain, Steam, and Speed," the "Whalers," and the "Steamer in a Snow-storm" are deserving of special praise. The "Burial at Sea" is very good, and so are "Bligh Sand" and "Crossing the Brook." A few of the plates fall short of the excellence of the others. For instance, "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage" is an utter failure, and "Dido building Carthage" and the "Bay of Baïa" are unworthy of the originals. The "Fighting Téméraire" is among the weaker renderings, and the "Goddess of Discord" is heavy and black. But as a whole the work reflects very great credit on the engravers, Armytage, the two Cousens, A. Willmore, Brandard, Prior, Miller, &c.

Mr. Wornum has contributed descriptive letter-press and a memoir of Turner, and has done his work thoroughly well. Nothing can be more rapid and unmeaning than the text which accompanies many picture books. Mr. Wornum has written in a very different style, and, instead of telling the

spectator in inflated sentences what his feelings ought to be, has given him in easy, unaffected language, all the information that could be obtained about the subject and history of the picture, its merits, or its defects. In the memoir he has strictly confined himself to facts, justly observing that

"there is an abundance of anecdotes, genuine enough to the narrator and his friend who first circulate them, yet not of the slightest authenticity for a published memoir, in which they must appear as general hearsay, without the authority of the original sponsors. Many anecdotes may be told with safety, which it would be imprudent or ungenerous to put in print. A man may repeat a spurious anecdote conscientiously, and without doing much mischief; but it must always be unsafe to publish, and make permanent, eccentricities as characterizing your neighbour, with which, if the real truth were known, it might be discovered that truth had no concern whatever."

Of this nature are Mr. Thornbury's stories about Turner going down to debauch at Wapping and Rotherhithe, with a five-pound note in his pocket, and the foolish legend relating to his house at Chelsea, and the name which he assumed there.

Mr. Wornum divides Turner's works into four classes. In his early attempts he was a mere imitator of the painters of the day, especially of Wilson, but his productions were "vigorous expressions of the ordinary taste of his time." Then came the period of his first style, from 1800 to 1819, in which he was under the influence of Claude, Poussin, &c. But in 1820, in consequence of his visit to Italy,—

"he commenced a great series of pictures, quite as remarkable for their originality as for their beauty. This new style preserves no trace of the somewhat hard, vigorous taste of his early years, but yet displays much of the feeling of Claude in its grouping and massing, though it has nothing in common with Claude's colouring or execution in detail. From 'Rome from the Vatican,' 1820, to the 'Fighting Téméraire,' 1839, we have a wonderful series of pictures, which certainly comprises many of the noblest productions of landscape art. Effects of light and colour appear henceforth to have more particularly engaged Turner's attention. This was clearly a result of his Italian visit. His rich effects, exaggerated to an English eye, are true to very ordinary circumstances in the sunny land of Italy."

The pictures of the two periods have scarcely a trace of the same hand,—

"the first of a realistic natural school, the second of a poetic imaginative character, and accordingly of a much higher sphere as works of fine art, so long as they are based on natural truth, which all Turner's great works certainly are. It was the honest, masterful labour of the first period, which led to the poetic creations of the second."

After this second term, of twenty years, which was also that of Turner's great power as a water-colour painter, came the period of his decline, 1840-50:—

"His attention was now more than ever devoted to mere effects of light and colour. The detail by which these effects were produced became rapidly more and more neglected, until, in the pictures of the last few years, they are so slightly indicated as to be generally unintelligible. . . . It is quite certain that Turner would not have left these pictures in their present undefined and really unfinished state ten years earlier; but, doubtless, to the painter, when he exhibited them, they were finished—the effect desired was produced."

And even the most extravagant and unintelligible of his latest compositions "are not without qualities which render them pleasing to the eye, though they are certainly outrages on common sense."

Mr. Wornum concludes by describing the fortunes of the pictures bequeathed by Turner to the nation; how they suffered from damp and neglect in the painter's gloomy old house; how they were involved in a law-suit, and carried off to South Kensington; and how, at last, they were secured for the National Gallery, in which in time we hope to see the finest collection of pictures in the world. Already its reputation stands high. It has undergone a wonderful improvement during the last few years, and this we owe, in a great measure, to Mr. Wornum himself. He has almost set the laws of space at defiance by the dexterity with which he has utilized every available inch of wall-space, and contrived even before the present enlargements took place, to find room for every new picture. It was in reliance upon his guarantee that he would manage to hang the Turners, that they were released from their detention at South Kensington; and it is to his care and accuracy that the National Gallery owes the distinction of possessing a better catalogue at a moderate price than any other gallery in Europe can boast—a catalogue of which Mr. Ruskin says, with truth, that it contains more information than can be found in many works professing to be histories of art.

#### GENERAL LITERATURE.

GARIBALDI receives so many letters from English ladies requesting a look of his hair, that if he complied with the wish of each of his fair correspondents, he would soon be obliged to wear a wig, so at least declares Colonel Vecchi, who has written a very amusing and interesting description of the general's island home, a book which every one should read who wishes to gain some insight into the domestic life of the hero of whom we have heard so much and know so little. The Colonel prattles away about the good of his idolatry with a chatty reverence that gives quite a Boswellian air to his anecdotes, and creates a very kindly feeling towards him on the part of his readers. He draws a charming picture of the ex-dictator's simple life, his little troubles and his quiet joys. We see the Caprera Cincinnatus in the morning tilling his ground or ineffectually attempting to build a wall—sorrowing over a wounded donkey, or "growing pale and looking quite upset" when a favourite dog is injured in a fight—and in the evening joining his daughter Teresita in a duet, or waltzing with her round the room. If the Colonel is an accurate reporter, Garibaldi's conversation often takes a very sentimental turn. Talking of his future resting-place, he says, "The rising sun shall salute my grave as it tips the hills with rosy light. The thrushes shall fill the air with their sweet notes, and the cheerful sparrows shall chirp over my head." And he ends a rhapsody on his future

\* Garibaldi at Caprera. By Colonel Vecchi. Translated from the Italian, with Preface by Mrs. Gaskell. Cambridge: Macmillan & Co.

\* The Turner Gallery: a Series of Sixty Engravings from the principal Works of J. M. W. Turner. With a Memoir and illustrative text by R. N. Wornum, Keeper and Secretary, National Gallery. London: James S. Virtue.

Colonel Fuller  
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James's Hall, Dec  
James Ridgway.  
\* Modern Metre



ness for flowers by declaring he cannot understand "how a gentle loving girl can in sport pluck a daisy to pieces to see how much she is beloved. Mothers and teachers should not permit such heartless amusements." On the subject of love, he says,—"Love is life! I also strongly feel the want of it. Oh, the illusion! For where can we find women who would understand us—who would be happy away from the vanities of the world? It is difficult. Perhaps a kind Englishwoman might—try." The last idea may have been suggested by the extensive correspondence our countrywomen maintain with him. "On one occasion," says the Colonel, "I had finished forty letters only requiring his signature. They were almost all short answers to letters begging for his autograph, and a lock of his hair, and almost all came from ladies of the Anglo-Saxon race. The General, who reads them all, selected one addressed to a Miss Kitty Johnson, and asked me, 'Do you know this lady?' 'I never saw her in my life,' I replied. 'You have made use of such flowery language in addressing her that—' 'It will produce money and enthusiasm for the cause,' I interposed." We cannot say much for the specimen of Garibaldi's poetry, preserved by Colonel Vecchi, and are more interested in the explanation he gives of his chief-tain's idea of heading the Federal troops in America. The Colonel says, "I had written a long letter in my own name, suggesting that the Americans of the Northern States should ask the aid of Garibaldi, a course that might be adopted without wounding the dignity of the nation, as he is an American citizen." The General knew nothing of the plan at the time, but when he heard of it "His thoughts conveyed him to the ravaged countries . . . he heard the rattling of the chains, the hiss of the whips, the blasphemy of ferocious overseers, and a strong emotion seized him. 'I thank you for writing the letter,' he said . . . 'It would be a noble undertaking.'" We are sorry that the Colonel has not told us what were the arguments which finally persuaded Garibaldi not to embark in this wild enterprise.

The horrors of slavery which Garibaldi's fancy conjured up before him are forcibly depicted by an enthusiastic Northern lady, in a book called *The Deeper Wrong*,<sup>2</sup> professing to be the autobiography of a slave-girl. Its authenticity is attested by several witnesses, but the story presents a very suspicious appearance. It is very probable that the leading facts are true, but they have been improved for the occasion by the bookmaker, whose hand is clearly visible throughout. The heroine is a beautiful young mulatto, named Linda Brent, who has the misfortune to belong to a tyrannical master, a Dr. Flint. He is perpetually beating his men, and insulting their wives and daughters. Whenever a dish displeases him at dinner, he flogs the cook, or compels her "to eat every mouthful of it in his presence,"—a frightful punishment, when a leg of mutton or a turkey happened to give offence. Mrs. Flint is accustomed "to sit in her easy chair, and see a woman whipped till the blood trickled from every stroke of the lash," and when the dinner is delayed, "she would wait till it was dished, and then spit in all the kettles and pans that had been used for cooking." Under the rule of such a master and mistress, Linda's position becomes very painful, and at length, to avoid the persecution of the doctor, she throws herself into the arms of a neighbouring proprietor, by whom she has two children. Dr. Flint determines to sell them, and Linda resolves to run away, hoping that when she has gone, their father will be able to purchase their freedom. Accordingly she conceals herself for a while at a friend's house, and then effects her escape to the Northern States, after suffering greatly from heat and cold, mosquitos and snakes. So common, indeed, were these slimy reptiles in one of her hiding-places that, "as evening approached," she says, "we were continually obliged to thrash them with sticks to keep them from crawling over us." After she had been some time at New York, the Fugitive Slave Law is passed, and she is, for a while, in danger of being sent back to her master; but at last a friend purchases her freedom, somewhat against her will, and she closes her narrative of the years passed in bondage. "I would gladly forget them if I could," she says, "yet the retrospection is not altogether without solace, for with these gloomy recollections come tender memories of my good old grandmother, like light, fleecy clouds floating over a dark and troubled sea,"—a sentence which affords a good specimen of the uneducated slave-girl's simple style.

By way of contrast to Linda Brent's melancholy black and white drawings, Colonel Fuller presents us with a rose-coloured view of Southern Slavery.<sup>3</sup>

In the course of an experience of many years he has "never seen a blow struck, and rarely heard a harsh word given to a slave." The negroes, while they remain on their master's plantation, are contented and happy, but if they run away to Canada they become "victims of abolition philanthropy, a burthen upon the State, and anything but an ornament to society." One often hears these poor ragged wretches, on a cold winter's night, in their frozen Paradise of Liberty,—

"Still sighing for the old plantation,  
And longing for the old folks at home."

Colonel Fuller is as sentimental as Linda Brent, and about as trustworthy.

A dejected satirist has lately been deploring the prosaic tendencies of the present age, and mourning over the imminent extinction of poetry. The author of the "Poets of our Age," would have composed his dirge in a livelier key if he had been acquainted with a periodical entitled *Modern Metre*,<sup>4</sup> which monthly offers sixty pages of original verse for the small sum of sixpence. It is styled "A Medium for the Poets of the Day," and it is only fair to state that its contents are far superior to the poems of Shakspeare, Milton, and Shelley,—with which other mediums have favoured us. It has already been the means of introducing a new poet to the world, a Mr. Irwin, whose contributions are to be separately published as soon as 250 copies are subscribed for. One of his productions is an address to a fly which was rescued by him from a milky grave, and yet evinced no gratitude. The conclusion will afford a proof of the soundness of his teaching:—

"Yet your conduct so base this moral supplies:  
Men may be thankful, as well as flies;  
But if we do good for goodness' sake,  
Our heart's applause will our recompense make."

<sup>1</sup> *The Deeper Wrong*; or, Incidents in the Life of a Slave Girl. Written by Herself. Edited by L. Maria Child. W. Tweedie.

<sup>2</sup> *The Causes and Consequences of the Civil War in America*. An Address delivered in St. James's Hall, December 19th, 1861. By H. Fuller, late Editor of the *New York Mirror*, &c. James Ridgway.

<sup>3</sup> *Modern Metre*. A Medium for the Poets of the Day. Tallant & Co.

The Rev. Joseph Fletcher's "Lament for the Prince Consort"<sup>5</sup> is quite worthy of a place in the columns of *Modern Metre*, though it may be doubted whether his remark that death overcomes even "rank and titles" is quite original. And the line—

"Wise physicians nought avail"

appears to be a reminiscence of a well known lapidary inscription.

In the seventh number of *One Hundred Lectures on the Ancient and Modern Dramatic Poets*,<sup>6</sup> Mr. B. C. Jones tells us what he thinks of the "Phoenissæ" of Euripides. He has prefixed the "opinions of the press upon this work," and from them we learn that he is "the well-known Shakspearian lecturer," and that he has "grasped at once a variety of phases of literature, descriptive, dissertative, and disseminating." In general he agrees with his critics, but one of them having suggested that he might be the Mr. Jones "already known to the public as the author of a tragedy named 'Firmilian,'" he is careful to tell us that "The writer of this work is not the author of the tragedy alluded to." His treatment of the Greek mythology has certainly the merit of originality, as the following verses will show:—

"Rhea would not have Jupiter perish,  
So gave Saturn a stone for a relish.  
Thus also by a profound deception,  
She preserved to the world her son Neptune."

These he informs us are merely humorous lines, but he reserves his strength for more serious subjects, in dealing with which he hopes that he may be useful to mankind; and "if I do succeed," he says, "how glorious it will be to think I shall not be altogether forgotten by posterity."

*The Book of Days*,<sup>7</sup> published by the Messrs. Chambers, is an undertaking likely to prove completely successful. The two parts already issued show that it will be very carefully edited, and that the work will contain a vast amount of curious information. It will, doubtless, take its place in every library by the side of "Hone's Every-day Book." Indeed, that well-known work will be in a great measure superseded by this Cyclopædia of facts, legends, and notes of singular events. It is obvious that laborious research is rendered necessary in the production of a work of so elaborate a character, but that the requisite pains will be bestowed is vouched for by the very name of its editor, a gentleman who has been long and favourably known for his services to literature,—the author of the *Life of Burns*, and numerous other works—Mr. Robert Chambers. The "Book of Days" will, no doubt, be an invaluable storehouse of information for very many years after its conductor has "ceased from his labours."

## THE MAGAZINES.

To the thousands of readers who have hitherto been the companions of "Philip on his way through the World" the present number of the *Cornhill* will be especially welcome; for it tells how the hero has become the sub-editor of a weekly newspaper, and, boldly relying upon the precarious income derivable from such an employment, has plunged into matrimony. The two chapters of "Philip" this month are almost wholly occupied with the preparations for the marriage of Philip, and a description of the marriage itself, and never were two more charming chapters in any of his works written by Mr. Thackeray. The gems in both chapters are, however, two letters—the one addressed from America by the cold-blooded old swindler, Dr. Firmin, to his son; the other, the prettiest bride's letter ever published, and penned by Charlotte a few days after her marriage. In these, as in other letters introduced into this tale, Mr. Thackeray exhibits a gift of which he has never yet availed himself to the full extent he might have used it. Why does he not write a novel or tale which should be composed exclusively of the letters of the different characters introduced? The best of all the old novels, "Humphrey Clinker," is so written. We believe the best of the new remains still to be composed in the same fashion, and the author of "Philip" is the man to do it.—In *Macmillan* the story "A Quiet Nook," by the author of "Benzoni," to which we directed attention last month as one amongst the best of magazine articles, is continued in the March number, but, we regret to say, has greatly declined in attraction and interest. All the characters but one that rendered the opening chapters attractive have disappeared from the scene, and their place is supplied by a very unpleasant description of a confirmed drunkard. The whole of the story of "The Young Lady in Black" is much better suited for a teetotaler's tract than for the pages of a first-class magazine like *Macmillan*.—Mr. Harrison Ainsworth, in his new tale, "The Lord Mayor of London," has given the most perfect picture that has yet been placed before the public of the state of London,—the manners, customs, and costume, with the moral and physical condition of the people, such as they actually were one hundred years ago. In this month's number of *Bentley* he describes the first visit of the youthful George III. and the bride-queen Charlotte, then in her teens, on a visit to the city! The whole of the Royal family, including "the butcher" of Culloden, are there revived. They are seen dressed again in the habiliments they wore; and they are animated again with the same feelings that then actuated them. The crowds of fashionables are seen anew, leaning from balconies, and the hoarse voices of the rough mob, such as then existed, can again be heard, and their rude practical jokes are again practised. It is a moving panorama of living men and women; and the writer's skill is exhibited with peculiar power when he brings within the precincts of Temple Bar the unpopular favourite, Lord Bute, and his supporter, Bubb Doddington, and then contrasts the hooting that assailed them with the roar of enthusiastic joy that greeted the great commoner, William Pitt, when on his way to the Lord Mayor's dinner. There are presented in a few pages a series of historical portraits drawn to the very life. At once the reader is made to feel that he knows all about these famous individuals,—their looks, their dress, their past career, the deeds and words by which they secured for themselves renown or infamy.

"Fatale, fortunæque virum, moresque, manusque."

<sup>5</sup> For the Prince Consort: a Lay. By the Rev. Joseph Fletcher, of Christchurch. W. Kent & Co.

<sup>6</sup> *One Hundred Lectures on the Ancient and Modern Dramatic Poets, the Heathen Mythology, Oratory, and Elocution, down to the Nineteenth Century*. By B. C. Jones. Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

<sup>7</sup> *The Book of Days*. W. & R. Chambers.



With such well-drawn, life-like pictures of some of the celebrated men of the last century, "the Lord Mayor of London" cannot but be regarded as "semi-historical," whether its *dénouement* prove it to be "novel," "tale," or "romance." Mr. Dudley Costello's amusing story of "Lorn Lorimer" is fast drawing to a conclusion.—There are several good papers in *Fraser*. The best of them is entitled "Austria and Hungary." The questions proposed to be discussed are put in the following brief sentences:—

"Is this, in a word, a case of contumacious rebellion on one side and of lawless tyranny on the other, or is it not? And if it is not, then where is the real hitch between the contending parties? On what fact or principle does the contest turn?"

The author of this paper, Mr. Bonamy Price, has studied the subject profoundly on which he writes, and the results of his reading and reflections will be found well worthy the attention of all who wish to know thoroughly the merits and demerits of the Hungarians in their quarrels with Austria. The unfortunate "Joan of Naples" forms the subject of "Sir Nathaniel's" historical collection of biographies in *Colburn*. In an article in the same periodical upon "Transatlantic Pacification," the best definition we have yet seen of a Yankee's notions as to what is "real liberty," is given in the annexed few words:—

"The jealousy of the Americans lest their liberties should be encroached upon by their officials is injurious, carried to excess as it is, especially when we see what their notion of liberty is,—namely, a freedom that, provided it be numerically supported, may override the laws with impunity, although the laws are of their own enactment. We believe many of them think they could best settle a mathematical problem by counting heads."

In the *Dublin University* there is a sketch of the novelists and romance writers of the last century, beginning with Goldsmith, Dr. Johnson, and Madame D'Arbly, and ending with Francis Lathom, an individual who, although the author of forty volumes, has now fallen into complete obscurity. The subject is an interesting one, and ought to be treated more in detail. Sketches ought to be given, not only of the writers, but extracts taken from the best of their compositions. That which is attempted with a few, ought to be done for all; and thus a permanent record preserved of what must otherwise, in the course of a few years, be irrecoverably lost. A book such as we suggest might, in time, become as precious as the "Bibliotheca" of Photius, for the writings of long-lost authors would be discoverable in it, that must be sought for in vain elsewhere. There could be no more curious chapter in the history of literature than one containing an accurate account of writers who had struggled for popularity, and fallen into neglect. Pope wrote a "Dunciad" of the living obscurities of his time, and so immortalized them. What is wanting is a "Dunciad" of the dead—of those who are dead as authors, and their works dead as literary compositions.—In *Blackwood*, Sir Lytton Bulwer continues his "Caxtoniana" essays. One of the topics treated of by him is "Clairvoyance," and how little worth it is, is thus clearly shown by him:—

"With all its assumptions," observes the author, "of intelligence more than mortal, it has not solved one doubtful problem in science. It professes to range over creation on the wings of a spirit, but it can no more explain to us what is 'spirit' than it can tell us what is heat and electricity. It assumes to diagnose on cases that have baffled the Fergusons and the Brodies,—it cannot tell us the cause of an epidemic. It has a cure for all diseases,—it has not added to the Pharmacopœia a single new remedy. It can read the thoughts hoarded close in your heart, the letter buttoned up in your pocket,—and when it has done so, *cui bono!* you start, you are astonished, you cry 'miraculous!' but the miracle makes you no wiser than if you had seen the trick of a conjuror."

The second number of *Every Boy's Magazine* equals the good promises held out by the first, although there is many a young, and (we believe) old reader too, will regret that what was the best story in the first number, "Amongst the Show-Folks," is postponed until April.

## MUSIC.

### HERR PAUER'S CONCERTS.—FIRST APPEARANCE OF HERR JOACHIM.—M. SAINTON'S SOIREE.

HERR PAUER, in his preface to the programme of the fifth concert, emphatically remarks that "there is as much talent for music in England as elsewhere." Few people of unbiassed opinion, and who are well acquainted with the state of music in this country, will, we think, deny the truth of this assertion; while many will agree with us when we add, that there is more taste for good music here than abroad. We have only to point to the various undertakings having for their object the advancement and diffusion of the musical art in England. Where shall we find an institution which, for excellence and usefulness, can be compared to our Monday popular concerts? What country can boast of a choral body like that of Exeter Hall? How many orchestral performances are superior to those of the Philharmonic Society and the Musical Society of London? Can the representations of Italian opera in Paris, Vienna, and St. Petersburg, vie with those of Covent Garden Theatre in grandeur, completeness, and magnitude? Nowhere, we say, is good music more cultivated, appreciated, or better understood, than in England.

The success of Herr Pauer's Pianoforte Concerts is another striking proof of the growing taste for classical music. At the first performance the audience was chiefly limited to the friends and pupils of the accomplished pianist, besides a few professors and "conoscenti" of the pianoforte. No sooner, however, did it become manifest that these recitals were full of interest and instruction, than the attendance went on increasing with each successive meeting; so much so, that at the present moment Willis's Rooms barely afford space for the numbers of amateurs and artists who flock to hear the masterpieces of past and present generations. The large audience assembled to hear the last performance was, no doubt, partly attracted by the announcement that the concert was to be devoted to the music of English composers, including works of John Bull, Orlando Gibbons, Purcell, Handel, Dr. Arne, John Christian Bach, and Woelfl, while the modern school was represented by Pinto, Cipriani Potter, Sterndale

Bennett, Salaman, Lindsay Sloper, and Litoff. From the above names, it will be seen that Herr Pauer, with a view, perhaps, of rendering the concert more generally comprehensive, did not entirely confine the selection to composers born in England, but also included the works of those who had lived, for any length of time, in this country. This we can hardly think judicious on the part of Herr Pauer, considering the number of English works that were of necessity excluded from the programme to make room for composers such as Woelfl and John Christian Bach.

Handel, of course, is an exception to the rule, since, though German by birth, he was essentially English in feeling and thought. In his instance, moreover, we had no reason to grumble at the innovation, inasmuch as his "suite," in F sharp minor, was unquestionably the flower of all the pieces that we heard at this concert, being alike remarkable for learning, grandeur, and exquisite melody. The fugue alone is a marvel of construction, and proves how much deep sentiment may be infused into a composition of an orthodox and complex form. We regret not to be able to enter more minutely into the details of the other works introduced on this occasion. Of the old masters, a "Prelude and Air," by Purcell, struck us as the most beautiful, while among the compositions of the present generation, the "Andante, with variations," "La Placidité," by Cipriani Potter, one of our most genuine and most gifted composers; a "Saltarella," from the pen of Mr. Charles Salaman, written during his residence in Rome; and a graceful "Allegro Scherzando," by our excellent pianist Mr. Lindsay Sloper, deserve special commendation. The celebrated barcarolle, from Dr. Bennett's fourth pianoforte concerto, appeared to give the greatest satisfaction, and was unanimously "encored." Strange to say, however, it was the least well played of all the pieces chosen from the modern repertory, the time being taken considerably too fast; while, in the cantabile, Herr Pauer was at times so capricious in expression as to rob this charming composition of all its inherent simplicity and unaffected grace. This unsteadiness of phrasing is, indeed, the only objection that might be raised against Herr Pauer's highly artistic, manly, and spirited performance; and it is impossible to deny that the highest credit is due to him for the zeal, knowledge, and capacity he has displayed in the realization of a good idea, and the execution of an arduous task.

At the Monday Popular Concerts another "star" has appeared. Of all the great artists who at distant intervals favour us with their presence, none are more eagerly expected or deserve a more hearty welcome than Joseph Joachim. He is indeed the king of all violin players, and a musician who does honour to his country, not only because of his unrivalled talent as a *virtuoso*, but by reason of his profound love and veneration for the art which he exercises with so much brilliancy. There are and have been violinists who, like him, combine in the highest degree all the qualities essential to great players. His tone, his mechanism, his style, though perfect, have, perhaps, been severally equalled by other artists, but in his conception of the loftiest class of music he stands alone. Witness his performances of concerted music. Hear him play Beethoven's, Mendelssohn's, or Spohr's concertos. Listen to his interpretation of a sonata, trio, or quartet. He gives you the composer, not the performer. He has studied the music so deeply, that every phase, every intention, every nuance is brought to light without in the least sacrificing the dignity of the instrument. We know of no one who, while being a perfect master of his instrument, is so full of self-denial, who so completely identifies himself with the music he has to interpret, and so religiously eschews all individual distinction. He allows others to speak as well as himself, never attempts to overshadow his coadjutors, but by the force of his own genius assists them in developing the ideas of the composer. Hence the impression Joachim's performances invariably produce upon his hearers. Not merely does he please, astonish, and satisfy—he carries them with him, revealing to them with a master-hand the innumerable beauties that often lie hidden under the mysterious windings of an abstruse and intricate composition.

In no work more than in Beethoven's posthumous quartet in C sharp minor did this great characteristic of his talent find scope for display. We shall not quarrel with those who prefer Beethoven's earlier to his later quartets, nor sneer at others who hold that in his last works the immortal composer has exceeded the limits of the beautiful. All we ask is, whether anything more exquisitely tender can be conceived than the opening movement of the quartet in question? Whether music more wildly imaginative, more deeply impassioned, has ever been written than the subsequent Allegro, with its train of noble variations—more fanciful and humorous than the "Scherzo,"—or more fiery and boisterous than the Finale? But such music demands perfect execution. Never, we must confess, did we listen to more admirable quartet playing. Messrs. Rink, Webb, and Piatti, were all worthy of their great leader, and seemed inspired by his presence and strengthened by his example. The four instruments completely melted into each other, and the players appeared so firmly linked together that nothing could disturb their equilibrium or unsettle their *aplomb*. No wonder the quartet created a *furor* which did not subside until the performers re-appeared in the orchestra to bow their acknowledgments.

The famous sonata, "Ne plus ultra," by Woelfl, played by Miss Arabella Goddard at the previous concert with such extraordinary success, was repeated on this occasion, and offered a pleasing contrast to the elaborate composition that preceded it. More legitimate, brilliant, or finished playing, it would be difficult to hear. If Woelfl, who for a considerable time resided in London, and wrote this sonata with a view to combat the taste for bad music, expose the shallowness of the bravura school, and prove that he too could indulge in *tours de force* without becoming a "charlatan,"—if, we say, he had been able to witness how easily the enormous difficulties of his work were mastered by the fair pianist, he would, we think, have hesitated in giving that defying title to his sonata. Her rendering of the variations on the sweet theme, "Life let us cherish," was indeed the *ne plus ultra* of refinement and grace, and was only equalled by its force and brilliancy. Miss Goddard also took part in Dussek's well-known sonata in B flat for pianoforte and violin, and Hummel's trio in E flat, which brought the concert to a successful close.

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Miss Poole sang a "new ballad" by Mr. Wallace, composed to some beautiful lines of Mr. Oxenford's. We failed, however, to discern anything new in this last song of the composer of the "Amber Witch." Much more to our taste was the setting of some verses by Keats—"In a drear-nighted December,"—by Mr. T. W. Davison. Here the music was in thorough keeping with the words. No namby-pamby tune, no hackneyed phrases destroyed a beautiful idea. It was music wedded to poetry.

We have not done yet with all the good things the week has had in store for us. M. Sainton claims our attention for a while, and affords us another opportunity of paying homage to his admirable talent. He has commenced a second series of classical chamber-music concerts at his own residence, in continuation of those which met with so much success last year. Agreeably with his promise that at least one new work should be introduced at each performance, the programme of the concert on Tuesday last included a posthumous quartet by Fémy, a French composer, almost unknown in this country. As far as we could judge from a first hearing, we should think that the author must have been a man of considerable talent—nay genius. Not that the music of this quartet is in every respect to be admired; far from it. But, amid much that is crude, weak, and uninteresting, there appear now and then flashes of genius, which spring from a thoughtful mind and a poetic nature. Thus in the adagio or "Preghiera," as it is called, there is a constant flow of unaffected melody, which, if not of a high order, at any rate possesses much sweetness and pathos. It is given first to the principal violin, then in turn to the tenor and violoncello, and finally is distributed very ingeniously between the several instruments. Of the four movements the scherzo is unquestionably the best. Here, indeed, the composer has shown what is in him. It is full of life and quaintness, as spirited as it is "piquant." Beethoven's style and form are often to be recognized, though it is needless to say that in the treatment and development of his subjects, M. Fémy does not nearly approach his great model. His ideas are too often interrupted. There is no consistency of thought—no power of construction. The themes are scattered about in all directions, and, when once exposed, left to take care of themselves. Hence the weakness of the first and last movements. M. Fémy has plenty to say; but is at a loss how to organize his thoughts. Another fault is the constant resort to hollow cadences, with which the first violin mostly winds up the broken phrases, thereby destroying the unity and purpose of the composition. M. Sainton deserves, however, our best thanks for having acquainted us with the work of a clever composer, who, had he lived, might have rendered great service to the art he so well understood. That the quartet was most beautifully executed is no more than might be expected from men like M. Sainton, Pollitzer, Webb, and Piatti.

Mozart's lovely *concertante* quartet in B flat, No. 9, and Beethoven's trio in D, for the pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, were the other concerted pieces. The piano part was in the hands of Mr. H. C. Deacon, who, later in the evening, also performed two *morceaux* by Chopin, an impromptu and a scherzo. Mr. Deacon is a very good player. He possesses a powerful tone, fine execution, and much vigour, but lacks the softness and elasticity of touch that are necessary to impart a charm to pianoforte music. Whether Mr. Deacon is in the habit of playing in very large *locales*, and, therefore, unable to sufficiently subdue his tone, we know not. His performance in M. Sainton's elegant rooms was decidedly too heavy for the instruments which he accompanied.

M. Sainton was unfortunately prevented by indisposition from performing two solos put down in the programme; but, *en revanche*, he charmed his audience so much by the execution of the two quartets and the trio, that the disappointment, though great, yielded to the regret they felt at the cause of the omission. The next concert will take place on the 18th inst.

#### PUBLIC ENTERTAINMENTS.

THE great event in the theatrical region has been the performance of Iago by Mr. Fechter. Opinion was divided as to his performance of Othello; it will be pretty well united on his portrayal of his arch betrayer, whom he thought so honest, but who certainly is the most accomplished scoundrel that the great dramatist has drawn. Richard and Macbeth are pretty specimens of grand criminals; but the one amazes us with his heroic energy, and the other assuages us with his fine poetical remorse. In Iago, we are to see the naked wickedness of human nature when it is not softened and elevated by a moral consciousness. He considers all feeling for others as contemptible weakness, and regrets that no man knows how to take care of himself; his notion of care being that he should pursue his own interest, and avenge himself cruelly on all who in any way regard or interfere with it. He is, indeed, a mere creature of animal instincts, and not only thinks human nature should be entirely employed in self-preservation, but that it is the end-all and the be-all of life. He is an entirely isolated being; and so far from being therefore gloomy, he is, on the contrary, extremely jovial. What other men mean by sympathy, friendship, or even interchange of sentiments, he has no notion; and he is all-sufficient to himself. To be content is his natural desire. Such a man can have but few cares, and must needs be of a pretty even temper. If, however, he loves no one else, he loves himself very much; and the one great crime in his eyes is the violation of his self-love. His interest is the sole idol he worships; and he is sensitive alone there; and he will not have his idol outraged. Othello commits this crime, apparently unconsciously, and like most men, who deeply offend others, he has no notion of it; which, of course, enhances Iago's anger, and sharpens his malice. He will take down this complacency, and cut out the very heart of the opponent who has thus wronged him. If this be the proper reading of the character, as manifested by the text of Shakespeare, then Mr. Fechter's version has a main defect, for he makes the triumphing malice of Iago too incessant. Of course, he "diets his revenge," and he rejoices in his success; but he is no more in a perpetual state of overt exultation than a strong man is when he is working or using his strength. His

firm nature and clear brain permit very little manifestation of emotional feeling; for emotion implies change, and he is moved to action, not by excitement, but by constitution. He hates; and, as he hates, for ever will hate on. This comparatively unimpassioned malice may not be theatrically effective; but it is certainly characteristic. If emotion, or, rather, emotional action, is necessary to the stage development of the character, we cannot but think the older actors were right in rather making it manifest in the extreme jocularity of his demeanour; and this reading has the advantage of giving good reasons why the confiding and unsuspecting persons he associated with thought him so extremely honest. They, good souls, thought a man so well pleased with himself, and so utterly without cares, must be an honest man. Such a man takes his pleasures very easily, and gratifies his malice as he would his hunger,—without making mouths at it. He would not whistle for want of thought, but from utter want of feeling. Calm, self-composed, complacently bland, he has a central fire which his vanity lights, and which his innate and immobile pride sustains.

Such a polished, self-reliant man has not a countenance or a frame sensitive to every passing emotion; and for a very good reason, for that he is by no means emotional. When Palmer was drugging Cooke no one saw any difference in his common conduct. He lit his cigar as leisurely; he made his bets as carefully; he did not attitudinize when he saw his victim in convulsions. Like Iago he was very composed when arrested, and went calmly to the gallows. He also looked unmoved on the tragic loading of the bed where his victim lay a distorted corpse. Altogether we may be pretty sure that Shakspeare never intended Iago to be an emotional character. We therefore think the groundwork of Mr. Fechter's personation erroneous; but granting his view of the character, we consider it an amazing performance for minuteness and truth of expression. Every idea and every sensation during the many scenes in which he is engaged are given with a force and effect that it would take a hundred photographs to record. He is the most sensitive of beings, and every emotion is mirrored in Mr. Fechter's face. Such facial power we have never seen as far as regards mere imitative force. The elder Kean gave looks that were sublime, and glances that revealed the inmost recesses of the soul; but the power Mr. Fechter exerts consists in a continued mobility of face. A play of features whenever he speaks and whenever he feels. In this respect his performance is unrivalled, but at the same time, we must say, painfully elaborate. Were every character in the play thus carried out, the senses of the audience would be exhausted; and the performance would occupy an entire day. This cannot be right, and makes us say that we prefer the suggestive in art to the pre-Raphaelite system of painting every brick in a house, and every vein in a leaf. Nor is it effective as a whole, for it is not until the mind has acquired the habit of rapidly accumulating a vast series of details, that it recognizes the magnitude of the effort. Every man of taste will see Mr. Fechter's performance, for it is an artistic work, *sui generis*, and as such to be enjoyed. To us it only proves what we conceived at first sight to be the case; Mr. Fechter is a remarkably clever man, with great appliances of figure, mobility of face, and intellectual intelligence, for the art he pursues; but he is not, in the usual acceptance of the word, a man of genius, and consequently not a profound interpreter of Shakspeare.

The cast of the play, with the exception of Mr. Ryder playing Othello, remains the same. This gentleman's performance was characterized by plain good sense, and certainly did not offend on the score of introducing novelties. We may say with Thesens, at the best these things are but shadows, and there may be over as well as under acting. The latter is certainly preferable where it does not actually violate common sense, because it affords the spectator some opportunity for the free play and exercise of his own imagination.

The production of a new sensation piece at the Adelphi; of a very slight sketch at the Olympic; and a broad and foolish farce at the Strand, complete our record of novelties, as far as the theatres are concerned.

The Adelphi piece is entitled "The Life of an Actress," and is styled in the bills new and original, with that disregard of actual facts that characterises so many public announcements. The piece is printed, and has been acted many times in America. Its incidents are old, its story commonplace in the extreme, and the effects have been produced in various other dramas. Mr. Boucicault, its author, is the most daring of dramatists. He takes anything that suits his purpose, and re-moulds it, and he ventures on scenes which those who have any knowledge of the English public taste, or any respect for it, would carefully avoid. "Adrienne Lecouvrier," "The First Night," "The Prompter," "The Critic," and a hundred other plays, have been founded on showing the actor's side of the stage. It is a stale and a worn-out device. The actress (Mrs. Boucicault), whose life is portrayed, begins, like Rachel, as a ballad singer; and an old theatrical man (an Italian exile and duke in disguise) takes her in hand and perfects her into an actress. Her career, and of course her first appearance, is enacted, and as far as theatrical excitement goes, very cleverly. To heighten, or deepen, or darken the story, she is lured by a blackguard, who is mildly termed a man upon town, into a lone house, where there are only a stone-deaf old woman and five fierce dogs. Here she is drugged, and she lies on the floor, whilst her assailant utters some ruffianly sentiment as to purity and innocence. Notwithstanding, she is rescued at the latest moment by her old protector and a friend, who, holding a pistol to the ruffian's head, tells him "it is the hand of Heaven;" the better part of the audience thought this scene a little too strong, and hissed it. The objectionable phrases have, we are told, since been expunged. The actress ultimately marries an amiable young nobleman, and thus virtue is helped up into its coach and six. Such a drama, notwithstanding some cleverish light acting, has no genuine interest; and depends on certain set scenes and certain clever points to produce effect. Mr. Boucicault makes a real omelet, with real eggs, over a real fire, and turns it with the dexterity of a real cook's apprentice; a feat which gained him loud applause. The set scenes are very good, and the view behind the scenes is well managed. There is also an elaborate fête champêtre. But Mr. Boucicault,



though a very clever man, is not a great actor, and cannot sustain a piece. The town requires novelty of effect at least, and this piece has too many reminiscences of other dramas to be striking. The revolting scene taken from Sue's "Mathilde" is simply a piece of vile taste. The applause was more frequent in the early than in the later portions of the drama, which concluded amidst a divided verdict.

At the Olympic Mr. Robson may be heard tell an anecdote of "A Fairy's Father," who, doting on his daughter, fears the perils by which she is surrounded as a ballet girl. It consists in the expression of affection mixed with admiration of a rabbit smothered in onions, and is told and acted by Mr. Robson as he only can mix the pathetic and the ludicrous.

At the Strand Mr. Clarke, being mistaken for Blondin, does a great many foolish things, which make the audience laugh and a bad farce successful.

Amongst the genuine public amusements may be recorded Leotard's tight-rope performance and trapeze business nightly at the Alhambra. He is the prince of tumblers, lithe, agile, and graceful; he has no fears himself, and does not inspire his audience with any. He seems born to leap from trapeze to trapeze, and if he had not been a remarkably well-formed man he must have been a monkey. All we think of is, whilst we see his remarkable performances, what a pity they cannot be put to any use. If, however, it stimulate men to the exercise of their bodily faculties it is not without its avail; and anything that will make us a little athletic, as a race, is worthy of encouragement.

The re-appearance of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean at Drury Lane has not been characterized by any novelty of performance, they repeating their favourite parts with unabated success.

#### CONTEMPORARY SCIENCE.

It is generally supposed that the first person who succeeded in melting platinum on the large scale requisite for commercial purposes, was Deville, of Paris.\* To this chemist, no doubt, belongs the credit of having first raised this metallurgical feat to the importance of an ordinary manufacturing operation; but it is no less certain that this refractory metal had been melted in comparatively large quantities long before the date of the French experiments. The early history of this metallurgical art is scarcely known, and we think, therefore, that a few facts respecting it, which have recently come under our notice, will be of interest. According to Bergmann, in his Essays,† platinum was first fused by Delisle, who having exposed chloroplatinate of ammonia "to a most violent degree of heat in a blast furnace," obtained a malleable metallic globule. Bergmann himself repeated this experiment with success, when the quantity of ammonia salt taken was small, and the heat of the furnace very intense; he also first succeeded in fusing platinum with the common mouth blowpipe. The first, however, who showed that the metal could be readily worked in this manner was, according to a writer in the *American Journal of Science*, Professor Hare, of Philadelphia. Thus, for example, in 1837, in a letter to Dalton, he says, "I have succeeded in fusing into a malleable mass more than three-quarters of a pound of platinum. In all, I fused more than 2 pounds 14 ounces into four masses, averaging, of course, nearly the weight above mentioned. I see no difficulty in succeeding with much larger weights. The benefit resulting from this process is in the facility which it affords of fusing platina scraps or old platina ware into lumps, from which it may be remodelled into new apparatus." In a subsequent note, Professor Hare mentions an experiment in which he melted 25 ounces of platinum to so liquid a state, that the containing cavity not being sufficiently capacious, about 2 ounces of the metal overflowed, leaving a mass of 23 ounces. "I repeat," says he, "that I see no difficulty in extending the power of my apparatus to the fusion of much larger masses."

Since then large masses of platinum have been for years worked in this way by Mr. Bishop, formerly assistant to Dr. Hare. Platinum is, at the present time, and has been for several years, worked in New York, on a large scale, by Dr. Roberts. This gentleman has used an apparatus very similar to the one employed by Deville. Two copper gasometers are employed—one for the hydrogen, of a capacity of 220 gallons; and the other for the oxygen, holding 80 gallons. A pressure of water, about 60 lbs. to the square inch, forces the gases through metallic pipes to the apparatus connected with the burner. Each pipe is connected with a short brass tube, which is closely packed with wire, and these unite in another brass tube, which is also closely packed in the same way. From this, by a pipe of only about a quarter of an inch diameter, the mixed gases are then conveyed to the burner. This is a small platinum box inserted in a lump of plaster of Paris and asbestos; the apertures in the disc which forms the extremity consisting of twenty-one small holes, about the size of a small pin. The supply of the gases is regulated by stop-cocks, one for each gas, near the place where they unite; the jet points downwards. The platinum scraps are first compressed in an iron mould, into cylindrical cakes of the weight of three or four ounces each. Two or three of these are set upon a thin flat fire-brick, and heated in a furnace to a white heat. Being then transferred, with the fire-brick, to a large tin pan well coated within with plaster of Paris, and brought under the jet, this is instantly ignited, and the platinum at once begins to melt. Its surface assumes a brilliant appearance of the purest white, like that of silver, and soon the whole is melted into one mass; but so great is its infusibility that it chills before it can flow off the flat surface of the fire-brick. It cannot, therefore, be cast in a mould for the uses to which platinum is applied; this, however, is of no consequence, as the cake of metal is easily hammered into any desired shape, or it may be rolled at once into plates, or cut and drawn into wire. With the apparatus described above, 53 ounces of platinum were melted into one cake at one operation, lasting only thirteen minutes, in April, 1858. This was hammered down without waste,

\* For a detailed account of Deville's important researches in this branch of metallurgy, see the *LONDON REVIEW* for March 2, 1861.

† London, 1788, ii. 179.

and drawn out into a plate more than forty inches long and about three inches in width. In order to obtain larger masses of the metal recourse is had to the ordinary process of welding. This is a delicate operation, requiring that the platinum should be perfectly clean and be heated in a muffle until the surface is too hot to be distinctly seen. If visible the metal is too cold to be welded, and hammering upon it will have the effect of shattering the piece. The metal is handled with tongs plated with platinum, and hammered first with a clean hammer weighing not more than a pound. After being welded a heavier hammer may be used for forging. The metal being first melted into blocks of 15 or 20 ounces weight; two of these are placed together in the muffle, and when the requisite temperature is attained they are removed and struck three or four times sharply with a hammer in rapid succession. They are then returned to the muffle, and the operation is repeated till they are both thoroughly welded together. By long hammering the metal is made tough and fibrous, but if thrown into water while hot it becomes crystalline and brittle. This subsequent operation of welding does not materially differ from the process adopted in our own large platinum manufactories, but the fusion of the metal into such large lumps by the oxy-hydrogen blowpipe is generally thought to have been first practically effected by Deville. It therefore deserves to be known that the manufacture of platinum on a large scale by this means has long been an established branch of industry in America.

#### SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

##### THE INCUBATING PYTHON AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

DURING the last few days the male has occasionally associated with the female in covering the eggs; but previously she had pertinaciously driven him away. She is now also about to change her skin, but this it is thought will in no way interfere with the successful hatching, its effect being probably, at most, to cause her to feed, which she has not done for 27 weeks. In shedding their skins, these snakes generally nip at it were the portion over the head between the forks of the branches of a tree, and push it back until they have got up a wrinkle or fold, when they push their bodies out of the mouth, the skin folding over by the muscular action of the creature, to use a homely simile, like turning a stocking inside out. The eggs, which are nearly round, and about three inches in diameter, were laid on the 14th of January last, and are supposed to be about a hundred in number; it would not only interfere with the creature's sitting, but would probably also be dangerous even for the keepers to disturb her to count them, but taking the space of ten which are visible, and roughly judging the comparative size of the mass—for they are all cemented together in a pyramid or spiral coil by a gelatinous substance—it would appear to be some ten times the bulk of the ten. The eggs were laid during the night of the 13th of January, and were first seen on the morning of the 14th, when the whole number had been deposited, and the python was coiled recumbent over them, guarding them with her head resting on the top of the pile under the blanket,—the creature rushing at any intruder and hissing more fiercely than usual. The eggs were seemingly laid at first in a circle by the creature crawling round as they were deposited, and then each superior layer forming a sort of spiral cone over the base-layer.

The natural time of incubation is not known. The pythons live in the moist swamps and unwholesome forests of Western Africa, where no one is likely to study their habits, and where, if any one ventured after them at all, it would be only for their destruction. But the period has been judged of in this way. On the morning of the 29th of January, one of the eggs had been accidentally detached by the python, and rolled out. This was examined by Mr. Bartlett, the experienced resident manager of the gardens. Cutting off a portion of the thick, leathery, parchment-like skin which represents the shell,—for the substance of the shell-skin is not hardened by calcareous matter, as in birds' eggs,—he found the young snake alive, comparatively well developed and about six inches in length, attached by a cord to the yolk, and crawling freely about in the fluid albumen, or "white" of the egg. In a common hen's egg, after the third or fourth day vitality would be only beginning to be developed by the formation of blood-vessels, and a few other changes; about the seventh day the eyes and other organs would be apparent; full development being attained on the twenty-first day. This young python then at this fifteenth day, being in a backward state, Mr. Bartlett (not being at this time aware of the period stated by the French observers) published a little sketch of the circumstance, in which he argued that it might be seven or eight weeks before perfect development would have been attained. He considered, moreover, that the young creature being then no thicker round than the pipe of a goose-quill, would probably increase to the dimensions of a little finger before it filled the cavity of the shell, and the probable rate of increase of size seemed to confirm the presumed period. When laid, the eggs were perfectly white in colour, but their skins have since become darker in hue. The increase of the female's temperature during the process of hatching has been a point of considerable interest. By the records kept at the gardens, which we here subjoin, and which are attested by the careful evidence of such competent and eminent observers as Dr. Slater and Mr. Negretti, there has now been attained, by the sitting female, an abnormal increase of 20° (Fahr.), of bodily temperature over that of the male.

##### TEMPERATURES OF PYTHONS.

		Female on her Eggs.		Male in same cage.	
		73° 0' Fahr.		70° 2' Fahr.	
Feb. 12.—	Surface of body . . .	73°	0'	70°	2'
"	Between the coils . . .	81	6	74	8
" 23.—	Surface of body . . .	75	4	71	8
"	Between the coils . . .	83	2	74	0
March 2.—	Surface of body . . .	84	0	71	6
"	Between the coils . . .	96	0	76	0
"	Bulb of the Thermometer between the eggs . . .	94	7		

The cause of this increase is a very curious, intricate, and difficult problem. The natural source of heat in any living creature depends, of course, on the comparative activity of the chemical combustion going on, either in the body itself or in the digestion of the food. But while we could easily observe any increased functional activity in a human being, or an animal, or a bird, such observations are most difficult to notice in a reptile. In the first place, the action of the lungs may be seen or heard by the stethoscope in men or beasts, in whom the breathing is more or less regular and rapid.

In the pythons, it is slow and intermittent. They have large long lungs, into which they suddenly inspire an enormous quantity of air, which lasts them, perhaps, for some minutes. These inspirations are not regular, even after any

length and so finite sitting roving mals, fro o as a both n heating nearly In th mittent experim ments action o sensitiv table t for scar which is thing as by her reptiles they tot The p the scale organiz search fo never. commen In mar which ne Thus the fowl, twe fourteen c temperat we quit t does exort hatched t days) by s being one having a h days. In the c respect, it temperatur not only al house in w NOVEL I ture is illu tage has be have constr mechanism, transition th of day. W reflector wh by a special are simultane throwing do completely i brightly illu appears to s powering the power, and employed for process, and by M. Dalem heat develop greatest ease. STEAM-ENG straight cylin as in the ordin is attached b ordinary cran symmetrical f with, and the on the intern —the working dulum. Muc parts of the engine of six a speed of 70 500 revolution to eight-horse the improven the machiner vessels it will ordinary stea for the engine I Royal Ins and Dreamin familiar to all many seems the subject, i must not be unknown, as plicable and t are who think but such a su it attributes t ignorance an



lengthened periods, but sometimes follow in a few seconds as slight inspirations, and sometimes long inspirations succeed each other, after very variable and indefinite periods of time. But, as far as yet can be made out, the respirations of the sitting female, on Wednesday last (the 6th instant), were about 5 to 1 of the sitting male. Again, with respect to the pulsations of the heart; in man, mammals, and birds, there is an audible sound produced, not by the beating to and fro of the heart, but probably by the sudden tensions of its coating or tissue, just as a somewhat similar noise can be made by the snapping between the fingers of both hands of a piece of silk broad-stuff. In the birds, there is but one regular beating or gurgling sound; in man, two sounds,—which may perhaps be most nearly written "lub-duk."

In the python the beating of the heart is probably like the respiration, intermittent and indefinite as to periodicity of time, and what is worse for getting experimental information, it is inaudible, even with the stethoscope. Experiments have been made at the gardens by Dr. Halford (whose able work on the action of the heart is well known), in conjunction with Mr. Bartlett, with very sensitive instruments, but without reliable results. It would thus, then, seem probable that there is additional vital activity in this almost motionless parent,—for scarcely a movement is visible for minutes together in her scaly body,—and which is seemingly, under her lengthened abstinence from food, and that no such thing as sleep appears ever to close the eyes of reptiles, brought about entirely by her natural anxiety for the hatching of her offspring. The dormant state of reptiles is in no way equivalent to sleep, for at no period of their torpidity are they totally insensible to passing objects.

The pythons, although the largest snakes, are not, however, the highest in the scale of ophidian reptiles; the viviparous snakes being probably of higher organization. All birds, except the lowest, the Talegalla, or "mound-builders," search for food for their young; the reptiles (not even the highest of their class), never. The parent's attention ends with the hatching, and the little ones commence at once to take care of themselves.

In man, the mammalia, and in birds, there are regular periods of gestation, which no differences of temperature, either increase or decrease, will alter. Thus the period of child-bearing is nine months; of hatching by the common fowl, twenty-one days; by incessorial or perching birds, such as the pigeon, fourteen days; by the duck tribe, twenty-eight days; and by no increase of temperature can the young be produced earlier than the fixed time. But when we quit the birds we appear to find that in the lower animals, temperature does exert an influence on the development of the eggs. Mr. Bartlett has hatched the ova of salmon within the shortest period yet accomplished (thirty days) by simply increasing the temperature to 57° (Fah.); the common period being one hundred and twenty days, in ordinary cold streams. In other streams having a higher temperature, the shortest natural period on record is ninety days.

In the case of the Python now sitting, if any influence is exerted in this respect, it will be in consequence of her own increased heat, and not to any external temperature, that the result will be due, as the temperature of her body is now not only above that of our ordinary climate at this season, but above that of the house in which she is located.

**NOVEL ILLUMINATION.**—In the day-time the Chamber of the French Legislature is illuminated from above by an immense skylight of ground-glass. Advantage has been taken of this to apply a new mode of lighting. Messrs. Chabrie have constructed an apparatus which is lighted outside and brought, by ingenious mechanism, over the glazing so that the chamber is lighted with no other transition than that produced by the light of 550 gas jets replacing the light of day. When the principal flame has arrived at its place with the central reflector which controls it, the different lobbies are lighted with marvellous rapidity by a special arrangement, and then numerous and large plates of sheet-iron are simultaneously lowered and form above the skylight a single reflector, which throwing down the light of this enormous flame, the whole place is, so to speak, completely inundated, and the vaulting, which is dimly seen in the daytime, is brightly illuminated, while the bas-relief at the back of the President's chair appears to the astonished gaze with unusual distinctness. It is an almost overpowering scene when this light diffuses itself in all parts of the hall with a magic power, and represents a new and golden day. The able constructors have employed for the skylight glass of extraordinary clearness ground by M. Bitterlin's process, and for the reflectors a mineral paint of dazzling whiteness, compounded by M. Dalemagne. This paint does not turn yellow, but thoroughly resists the heat developed by this almost infernal flame, which is moderated with the greatest ease.

**STEAM-ENGINE WITH CURVED CYLINDER.**—M. de Polignac, instead of the old straight cylinder, has adopted a curved form. The stroke is quite as easily made as in the ordinary cylinders when the proper limits are not exceeded. The piston is attached by both ends of its rod to a moveable mixtilinear triangle, and an ordinary crank transmits the motion to a main shaft furnished with two symmetrical fly-wheels. By this arrangement many accessories are dispensed with, and the piston being sustained by the triangle, its weight no longer presses on the internal sides of the cylinder, and the friction is thus greatly diminished,—the working of the machine being reduced to the simple oscillation of a pendulum. Much additional simplicity is by this arrangement attained in other parts of the machinery which tends greatly to the reduction of friction. A small engine of six-horse power has been made on this principle by M. Rouffet, in which a speed of 700 revolutions per minute has been attained, its normal speed being 500 revolutions. The work accomplished by ordinary steam-engines of from four to eight-horse power is generally about 0.45; by M. Polignac's machine it is 0.65; the improvement being from the diminution of friction, the easy motion of the machinery, and its freedom from shocks and tremblings. On board screw-vessels it will much simplify the transmission of the rotatory movement, while in ordinary steam-ships it will permit a considerable reduction in the space required for the engine-room.

#### LEARNED SOCIETIES AND INSTITUTIONS.

**Royal Institution, Feb. 28th.**—The lecture by Mr. Durham, on "Sleeping and Dreaming," attracted a large audience. There is much about sleep that is familiar to all,—there is much that is known to none,—there is much also that to many seems mysterious, which nevertheless, to those who have rightly studied the subject, is clear and comprehensible. That which is at present unexplained must not be regarded as for ever inexplicable, nor that which is at present unknown, as mysterious and beyond our future powers of research. The inexplicable and the mysterious belong to superstition, not to science. Some there are who think that the phenomena of sleep are involved in impenetrable mystery; but such a supposition is erroneous, not only in fact, but in principle, inasmuch as it attributes to an assumed obscurity of the subject what is really due to our own ignorance and inaptitude. In the most familiar view of the subject sleep is

pleasant, irresistible, and necessary. First, sleep is pleasant; how pleasant all know by experience; how pleasant, our greatest and sweetest poets have often sung. Whatever is good for the healthy body is also pleasant; sleep follows the general law. When requisite for our well-being, instinctively we woo its advent, and with calm trust yield to its soft embrace. Secondly, sleep is irresistible. Frederick the Great is said to have fancied sleep to be neither irresistible nor necessary, but a bad habit that could be easily broken through. He and his courtiers resolved to try the experiment. The result is matter of history. One by one the courtiers dropped off, and before the third night the King himself was glad to yield, and practically to acknowledge his mistake. Even under the most unfavourable circumstances, sooner or later, sleep exerts its potent spell. Damians slept on the rack. North American Indians are said to have frequently fallen asleep at the stake, and only to have been aroused by the fresh application of fuel. Factory children, under the old system, often fell asleep over their work, although they knew they would speedily be aroused and punished for doing so. During the battle of the Nile, many over-wearied ship-boys were seen asleep on deck, awakened neither by the noise around them, nor by their sense of duty and of danger. Thirdly, sleep is necessary. If a due amount of sleep is not taken, the bloom of beauty fades, the powers of mind and body waste, cheerful strength gives place to whining weakness, and healthy hopefulness to sickly doubt and fear. Long-continued sleeplessness is a source of anxiety, sometimes of alarm, to the physician, inasmuch as it is often the precursor, and occasionally the cause of still more serious symptoms. In some cases, sleep must be obtained, or death is inevitable; in others, sleep alone has power to preserve or restore the reason. Southey became insane, not from overwork, but from want of sleep during his unceasing watch over the sick bed of his wife. A Chinese murderer was doomed to die by being deprived of sleep. On the eighth day he implored that in mercy he might be shot, poisoned, blown to pieces with gunpowder, or put to death in any other way than that to which he was sentenced. His prayer was rejected, and on the nineteenth day he died. The poor little Dauphin of France was killed in a similar manner. Whenever he laid down his head to rest, "Capet, où es-tu? dors-tu?" sounded in his ears, and he was roused up by his inhuman gaolers. He died literally of starvation, not, however, for want of food, but for want of sleep, "great Nature's second course, chief nourisher in life's feast!"

The amount of sleep (as measured by hours) required to keep the mind and body in health varies with the age, habits, temperament, and particular circumstances of the individual. In childhood, more sleep is required than in old age; and in old age more than in manhood. Children may safely be allowed to sleep as much and as often as they are inclined. For the adult, no absolute rule can be laid down. In the general way, St. Augustine's division of his day into eight hours for work, eight hours for food and recreation, and eight hours for sleep, is worthy of adoption. Some require more. Some can do with less than eight hours sleep. General Elliot, the hero of Gibraltar, slept only four hours out of the twenty-four. Frederick the Great and John Hunter, each took five hours. Du Moivre, the French mathematician, is said to have slept for twenty hours out of the twenty-four; and Dr. Reid, the metaphysician, could take as much food at once, and after it as much sleep, as sufficed him for two days. But all such are exceptional cases. On the average, eight hours is neither too much nor too little.

It is important to ascertain what conditions favour sleep and what have power, for the time, to dispel its charm. Whatever lessens the necessity for muscular or intellectual exertion, whatever soothes the senses, whatever lulls the emotions, tends to induce and favour sleep. The opposite conditions tend to arouse or preserve wakefulness. The recumbent position favours sleep, because it demands no muscular exertion; "a quiet conscience and a mind at rest," because they are associated neither with intellectual exertion nor with emotional excitement; silence and darkness, because they leave unaroused the senses. Monotonous sounds are sometimes more favourable to sleep than absolute silence; and a soft diffused light more favourable than absolute darkness. A physician, anxious that a certain sick miller should procure repose, ordered the mill to be stopped, but the miller could not sleep until the mill was again set going and his ears were again lulled by the accustomed sound. Those whose occupations necessitate activity during the night, sleep well enough in the day and wake when darkness comes. These considerations suggest the question whether the night is, after all, to be entirely devoted to sleep, and the day to active occupation. There may have been a time when the day was long enough for man's work, and the pleasures of rest the only pleasures he sought when night let fall her dark curtain at the end of each day's acts; but now, and here, our habits are far different. To a great extent, "the night is made our day." In our own latitudes in mid-winter the days are too short for our work, and in midsummer the nights are too short for our repose. Further north it would be as impossible for the inhabitants to work through their days of weeks' durations, as it would be impracticable for them to sleep during their equally long nights. Animals that wake by night are by no means inferior in activity or intelligence to those that wake by day. As men have advanced from a savage to a civilized state, they have been more and more induced by their inclinations, and enabled by their discoveries and inventions, to pursue their chosen occupations during the night. For mechanical work, both of head and hand, the day affords peculiar facilities. The hours of light and sunshine are, *par excellence*, the hours for animal enjoyment: at the same time, very many men who have raised themselves to the highest social and intellectual status, and have also enjoyed long years of healthy activity, have habitually carried their labours far on into the night. No doubt, it would be better for us if we chose as the periods of our activity more of the hours when the atmosphere is vivified, as it were, by the sun's rays, and fewer of the hours when it is deadened by the chill and damp of night. But, nevertheless, the time at which sleep is taken is a matter of comparative indifference, while the amount of sleep taken is a matter of absolutely the highest importance. It is not by working too late that we suffer much, but by working too long and too hard.

Science teaches us why sleep is thus essential to our well-being. Sleep must be studied psychologically, physiologically, and anatomically, if we would learn from it all we may of the secrets of our being.

Considered psychologically, sleep may be best described as a state in which consciousness, sensation, and volition, are, for the time, suspended, but can be readily restored on the application of some stimulus. By this description it is distinguished from coma, and various kinds of lethargy, such as those produced by narcotic drugs, mechanical pressure on the brain, excessive cold, &c., for from such states the patient cannot be easily aroused. The phenomena of dreaming belong to some one or other of the conditions intermediate between sleeping and waking, not to the perfect form of sleep.

Considered physiologically, sleep may be described as the period of the brain's repose, when its functional activity has ceased and nourishment and repair of its substance are taking place. Every part of the body whose office is vital has alternate periods of activity and repose. During activity destruction and waste of tissue go on; during repose the tissue is nourished and the waste repaired.



Repose is necessary for perfect repair. The expression, "the lamp of life," conveys an idea which is philosophically true. When the lamp is lighted, chemical change is set up; during its combustion chemical action goes on, the oil is consumed, and heat and light are comitantly developed; by-and-by fresh oil must be added, and the lamp must be trimmed. So with the vital organs of our body, as brain and muscle. When called into action, chemical change of some portion of their substance is set up. While this continues, heat and manifestations of the life of the part are developed, and by and by a fresh material must be added. Consciousness, sensation, and volition are the great manifestations of the brain's functional activity: in the present state of our being they are accompanied by destructive chemical changes of portions of the brain-substance; and they are characteristic of our waking state. On the other hand, the suspension of these faculties, and of concomitant destruction of the brain tissue, afford opportunity for the appropriation of fresh material and repair of the parts: and such conditions are characteristic of sleep.

Considered anatomically, sleep may be described as a state in which the blood-vessels of the brain are occupied by a comparatively small quantity of blood moving at a comparatively slow rate. Such a state of the circulation peculiarly favours the escape (by exosmosis) of nutrient material from the vessels into the brain tissue, and tends very little, if at all, to stimulate the brain to functional activity, inasmuch as the quantity of oxygen brought into relation with it is comparatively small. That such a state of the circulation in the brain is presented during sleep, not only might be *a priori* supposed, but can be proved by actual observation and experiment. A case is recorded of a woman who lost part of her skull by disease; the brain covered by its membranes was consequently exposed to view. When she was in deep or sound sleep, the brain lay in the skull almost motionless; when she was dreaming it became elevated; when her dreams were vivid, and when she was awake and excited, the brain was protruded into the aperture in the skull. Other similar cases are to be met with; but all are very unsatisfactory and incomplete in their evidence. Much more perfect observations have been made, and more complete results obtained by experiments made by Mr. Durham upon animals. Having rendered dogs insensible to pain by means of chloroform, he removed portions of bone from their skulls and introduced pieces of glass of corresponding size. When these animals were asleep their brains appeared pale and comparatively bloodless. When aroused, a blush seemed to start over the surface of their brains; and as they were more and more excited, the blood-vessels became more and more distended, and the brain of brighter and deeper colour, and more and more disposed to rise up into the opening through the skull. Innumerable vessels, unseen while sleep continued, became visible during waking, and especially during excitement, and appeared to be filled with rapidly moving blood. When the animals were fed, and allowed again to go to sleep, the brain became pale as before. While under the influence of chloroform, the veins appeared somewhat distended, the arteries indistinguishable by colour from the veins, and the capillaries more distended than during sleep, but less so than during waking activity.

Now, seeing that the skull cannot be dilated and contracted from time to time, that, nevertheless, it must always be full, and that the brain itself cannot be supposed to undergo notable changes in bulk in the course of a few minutes or seconds, it may be asked how can there possibly be more blood in the vessels of the brain at one time than at another? The answer is easy. The brain and its blood-vessels never entirely fill the skull; besides these there is a fluid (the cerebro-spinal) which occupies a space between two of the membranes of the brain, and also certain cavities in the interior of the brain. This fluid is very variable in quantity: it can be very readily forced out of the skull, or taken up by the blood-vessels on the one hand, or, on the other, under changed conditions, it can be equally readily poured out from the blood-vessels, or forced up from the spinal canal by atmospheric pressure communicated by the other parts of the body. Its variations in quantity correspond with, and compensate for, the variations in the quantity of blood in the vessels.

An answer to the question, why sleep or inactivity necessarily follows wakefulness or activity of the brain, may possibly be derived from the consideration of a law of chemical action which is of very general, probably of universal, application. The products of chemical action, sooner or later, tend to check by their presence the continuance of those changes by which they are produced. Thus alcohol, butyric, and lactic acids, &c., tend to arrest the fermentative processes by which they are severally produced. Thus the accumulation of sulphate of zinc in the cells of a galvanic battery, check the action long before the whole acid or metal is exhausted. So it may be that the products of that chemical action which is essentially associated with the brain's functional activity when they accumulate in the brain tissue or blood, tend to check the continuance of that chemical action, and so favour a return to the state of quiescence.

To recapitulate. Sleep is characterized by comparative bloodlessness of the brain. This condition is, for physical reasons, associated with diminished functional activity of the organ, and, consequently, with suspension of those powers and faculties which are, as it were, the expressions of the brain's activity. One cause of the change from the active to the quiescent state may be the accumulation of the products of the destructive chemical changes of the brain-tissue. Time did not permit the lecturer to do more than refer very hastily to the second part of his subject; but he stated his conviction that all we know of dreams and dreaming, so far from throwing difficulties in our way and creating obscurity, really tends, if rightly studied, to aid us most materially in our researches into the deepest recesses and most marvellous operations of our nature.

Archæological Association, Feb. 26, N. Gould, Esq., F.S.A., V.P., in the chair.—Mr. Brent, F.S.A., transmitted various Roman Antiquities discovered at Canterbury in digging gravel at Bigberry Hill. They consisted of some curious triangular bricks, very imperfectly burnt, which formed a circle, the apices being apparently united at one time by a cord to keep them close together, three holes being bored through each brick to admit it. There was much broken ironwork, being portions of rings, rods, hooks, &c. Mr. Cuming, in arranging these fragments, succeeded in forming a pothook and hanger similar to that exhumed in 1832, at Stanford Bury, Bedfordshire. There were also portions of pottery and a snaffle bit, and it is probable that the place had been one of military occupation in Roman times.

Mr. Wright, F.S.A., gave an account of a Roman Altar at Tretire, in Herefordshire. It had, at an early period, been fashioned into a holy-water stoup. The inscription on its surface reads—

DEO TRIV...  
BECCIVS DON  
AVIT ARKM

The mutilation of the name of the Deity is unfortunate; but Mr. Wright conjectures it to be *Trivius*, the god of the cross-roads. Among the ancients many deities presided over the roads, and it is very natural that in such a district as this, close upon the Forest of Dean, the great Roman iron-mining district, which

was covered with roads, great and small, the roads should be placed under his protection. Altars have been found dedicated to the Bovii, Quadrivii, and Devii. Mr. Wright esteems it as the only instance in this country of a Roman altar having been adopted for any purpose connected with Christian worship. Mr. Roach Smith has, however, mentioned one originally dedicated to Jupiter being formed into a baptismal font at Halinghen, in the Pas de Calais (France).

The Bishop of Ely exhibited a beautiful enamelled reliquary, set with jewels. Within was a representation of St. George and the Dragon, in work of a much later period than the reliquary itself, which had a date of 1404.

The Rev. Mr. Hartshorne read a paper giving an account of the Expense Roll of Joanna de Valencia, Countess of Pembroke, mother of Adomar de Valencia.

**Ethnological Society, 4th March, J. Crawford, Esq., President, in the Chair.**—1. "On the Shell-mounds of the Malay Peninsula." These shell-mounds the author, Mr. G. W. Earl, described as occurring five or six miles from the sea, in the province of Wellesley, a short distance from the canal connecting the Leber Ikun Mati lagoons with the Mutah rivers, where the Chinese settlers had extensive lime-works. The mounds, consisting entirely of cockle-shells, had been undoubtedly formed by human agency, and appeared to be the accumulated *débris* of the meals of a numerous people during a long period of time. Their great antiquity was shown by the shells being solidly concreted together by crystallized carbonate of lime. They were of large size, one about a mile from the canal being 18 feet high and 200 paces round, while into another at Guah Guppah, where another cluster existed, the Chinese, who dug the shells extensively as material for their lime-works, had made an excavation 25 feet deep, and during the past four years had taken away upwards of 2,000 tons. This mound alone, calculating 50 cubic feet to the ton, contained 20,000 tons of these refuse shells. A human pelvis was found in the *débris* by Mr. Earl, and other bones and implements of red rock were obtained from the Chinese diggers, all of which have been despatched to England. The present population of the country consists of Malays, Samsams, and a scattered race of diminutive negroes—the Semangs, to whom, at a very remote period, the author attributes the formation of the mounds.

2. "On the Bones in the Church at Hythe, Kent." Dr. Knox in a former paper considered these bones to be the relics of a battle-field. He had re-examined the pile, and found none amongst them belonging to women or children—a result he considered as confirmatory of that view.

3. "On the Language of Central America." By Edward B. Tylor, Esq. The great work of Buschman, now nearly completed, furnishes the material for a comparison of the numerous North American languages with the Aztec. The numerous words of Aztec origin or similarity in most of them; those remarkable ruins, the "Casas Grandas," in the district of the Rio Grande, in the path of their presumed passage; and other facts, tend, in Mr. Tylor's opinion, to show the Aztec origin of those races. The question has been discussed by M. Buschman, who concurs in the commonly received theory of the migration of the Aztec races from the north-west, although he denies to the American tribes, through which he considers they passed influencing their languages in their sojourns, a common origin with them. Mr. Tylor argues against this view on the ground that the numerous similarities and relations between the four principal American dialects and the Aztecs are too deep-rooted to have been the result of mere intercourse; and if it can be proved that the Sonoran languages belong to the same family as the Aztec, it would be evidence to prove that the present classification which divides the native population into two well-defined sections is not founded on an original difference of race.

**Statistical Society, 4th March.**—The Right Hon. Sir John S. Pakington, president, in the chair. Mr. Horace Mann read a paper "On the Resources of Popular Education in England and Wales—Present and Future."

The following points were considered:—1. Our Existing Provision; 2. Our Future Provision. In 1851 there were 2,144,378 children in the day-schools of England and Wales; in 1858, 2,535,462; since 1818, the proportions of scholars to population have increased from 1 in 17.25 in 1851 to 1 in 7.65 in 1858. Compared with other countries, our numerical proportion is only exceeded by Prussia, where, under a compulsory system, the proportion is one in 6.27 of the population. In France, the proportion is 1 in 9. The assisted schools, which are liable to inspection, are 10,435 in number, containing 1,154,000 scholars. The schools which do not receive aid from the State are 17,106 in number, and contain 722,933 scholars. To maintain these 24,000 day-schools about £2,000,000 are required. In inspected schools each child costs 30s. a year; in uninspected schools probably one-third less. Of the total cost, about 26 per cent. is furnished by parents; 46 per cent. by public contributions, and 28 per cent. by taxation.

With regard to the practical working of the present system, it was questionable whether its results are equivalent for the expenditure incurred. The author was of opinion that the sources of revenue already available were capable of further extension. But in estimating our future resources, it would be proper to take into account the willingness of the people themselves to undertake the whole cost of their children's education. There were ways in which the efficiency of the private schools might be increased, viz.: by raising their general character by means of a system of inspection; and by schools in connection with trade unions. The most effective means of stimulating popular education, in the author's opinion, would be the extension of evening schools.

#### LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

THE City Artillery Company having resolved to possess a memorial of their late Commander, the Prince Consort, commissioned Mr. J. G. Middleton, one of the most eminent of our living artists, to paint a portrait of the Prince, which, as the property of the Company, will be a lasting expression of the respect in which his memory is held by those who had the honour to serve under his command. The portrait is now completed. It is a life-size painting, representing the Prince in the uniform of the corps, of which every detail is given with minute correctness; but they are treated so artistically, that all the stiffness and formality so often found in such portraits, reducing them almost to mere studies of costume, is most happily avoided. As a likeness, it is excellent in every point of feature and expression, full of character and individuality; as a painting, it combines, in the dress and all its accessories, the complete effect of breadth and vigour with careful finish. Of the many public bodies with which the late Prince was connected, none will possess a finer memorial of him.

Mr. Spenser St. John, formerly H.M.'s Consul-General in the island of Borneo, and now H.M.'s Chargé d'Affaires to the Republic of Hayti, is preparing for publication a work entitled, "Life in the Forests of the Far East: containing accounts of several expeditions of discovery into the interior of Borneo; residences among tribes hitherto unknown; delineations of savage manners and customs; with journals of two ascents of Kini Balu (the Mont Blanc of the Indian Archipelago), interspersed with incidents of personal adventure; also incidental



notices of the Fauna and Flora of Borneo, and a view of the stream of Chinese migrations and settlements. The work will form a thick octavo volume, illustrated with sixteen coloured and tinted lithographs, and will be published by Messrs. Smith, Elder, & Co.

In medical literature there is a change which, if but little direct good to the public, may be of public service indirectly to a considerable degree. Doctors want their journals of communication fully as much as authors and others who cultivate themselves for the benefit of the world at large. We have to announce that the *Dublin Quarterly Journal of Medical Science* (the most distinguished journal of its kind on the other side of St. George's Channel) has just changed hands. It is now under the editorship of Dr. Kidd, having for some years been under that of Dr. Nollan. It is now as conspicuous for its good literature as for its handsome page and type. Under the new management the *Dublin Quarterly* commences a new feature—an "In Memoriam," or sketch of the lives of deceased medical men. The first instalment is gracefully and thoughtfully written.

The Very Rev. Dean Ramsay's "Lectures on the Genius of Handel, and the Distinctive Character of his Sacred Compositions," will shortly be published by Messrs. Blackwood. It will be remembered that these lectures were delivered to the members of the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution in the early part of the new year. The same firm are also about to publish a Tour made, and written, by Lady Dunbar, round the coasts of Spain and Portugal during the winters of 1860 and 1861. Messrs. Blackwood also have in the press, "The Book-hunter," by Mr. John Hill Bruton.

Mrs. Grey, a lady well known to the literary and library public, has written a new novel under a name which certainly will not be attractive to all classes. It is entitled "Passages in the Life of a Fast Young Lady."

Messrs. Trübner, for the future, will publish the *Westminster Review*.

Messrs. Macmillan are preparing a Cambridge edition of Shakspeare, the "text to be carefully revised from the original and best sources," under the editorship of Mr. W. G. Clark, Public Orator in the University of Cambridge; Mr. H. R. Luard, Registrar of the University of Cambridge; and Mr. Glover, the Librarian of Trinity College.

The Ray Society are preparing some important new works, and include Dr. Bowerbank's "Monographs of the British Spongiadae;" Mr. Blackwall's "British Spiders," part second (conclusion); a work by Mr. Douglas on "British Hemiptera Heteroptera;" and Dr. Günther, "On Reptiles of British India."

We hear that a memorial, influentially signed, has been presented to Lord Palmerston, praying that Mr. Leitch Ritchie, a gentleman well known in literature, and at one time editor of *Chambers's Journal*, be allowed a pension from the Royal Literary Fund.

Mr. John Wilson, of Great Russell-street, will shortly publish a work which promises great interest, being an unpublished poem, obtained from a manuscript in the library of the British Museum, on "Our Saviour's Passion," written by Mary Sidney, Countess of Pembroke, sister to Sir Philip Sidney.

Mr. William Chambers has become the owner, by purchase, at the sale of Lord Murray's library, in Edinburgh, of a collection of Allan Ramsay's manuscripts, containing a copy of his "Gentle Shepherd," and some poems and songs never published.

Sir Cresswell Cresswell has taken advantage of the first opportunity afforded by some enlargement of the premises of the Court of Probate in Doctors' Commons to set apart a room for the use of persons desirous to inspect the entry books of old wills for literary purposes. The Lords of the Treasury have approved of the plan, but at the same time have insisted upon a small fee being paid by the visitor in order to liquidate the expenses.

The portrait of his late Royal Highness the Prince Consort is to be presented to the National Portrait Gallery by her Majesty.

A drama founded upon the popular story, "Adam Bede," is shortly to be produced at one of the minor theatres.

Messrs. Chapman & Hall are about to publish the work to which we alluded some time back, by Mr. Sidney Laman Blanchard. It is to be called "The Ganges and the Seine: Scenes on the Banks of both." As the title indicates, it includes sketches in France as well as in India. From Mr. Blanchard's long residence in India, and his intimate knowledge of French manners and customs, much pleasure may be anticipated from so excellent an authority.

Messrs. Christie & Manson have disposed of the celebrated collection of T. E. Plint, Esq., of Leeds. Among them were several important works by the pre-Raphaelite painters, including the "Black Brunswicker," the "Escaped Royalist," and the original designs for the illustrations to Anthony Trollope's "Framley Parsonage," by Millais, R.A.; and the five drawings made in Palestine by Holman Hunt.

Mr. Thoms, the founder and editor of *Notes and Queries*, who has held an appointment in the Paper Office in the House of Lords, has been appointed sub-librarian to that chamber.

It is said that the Rev. James Sherman, who died at Blackheath a few days ago, and who was formerly Minister of Rowland Hill's celebrated Chapel, has left a voluminous autobiography, which is to be published under the editorship of the Rev. Henry Allon.

The University of Oxford have come to the determination to print a catalogue of the letters and papers of Lord Clarendon, the author of the "History of the Rebellion."

Hansard's Parliamentary Paper Office, which has existed in Turnstile, Lincoln's-inn-fields, for nearly half a century, is about to be removed to some new premises in Great Queen-street, nearly opposite the Freemasons' Tavern, where the back premises of the new office will communicate directly with the extensive parliamentary printing-offices of Messrs. Hansard, so that both establishments will be united in one. The new office will be opened in a few days.

On the 25th of this month Messrs. Low & Sons produce *The Exchange*, a monthly Review of Commerce, Manufactures, and general politics. It is intended to occupy the place in England that the well-known *Hunt's Merchants' Magazine* does in the United States, and the *Journal des Economistes* in France. We believe *The Exchange* is not to be purely mercantile, but will discuss all subjects of the day, and it tells well for the success of a new undertaking when we see such names as Mr. Thomas Bezeley, M.P., Mr. G. Dodd, Mr. Thomas Ellison, the author of "Slavery and Secession," Mr. Chadwick, Dr. Leone Levi, Mr. Thomas Hares, Professor Rogers, Mr. Moy Thomas, Mr. Olmsted, the author of the well-known book on the Slave States, and many others of equal celebrity, in connection with its foundation.

Messrs. Sotheby & Wilkinson commenced, on the 7th of March, to be continued on Monday and Tuesday, a sale of the first portion of the extensive library, comprising some very remarkable old editions of rare works, including all the works of John Taylor, the Water Poet, with the engraved title, a presentation copy from the author; Weever's Ancient Funeral Monuments, with additions, formerly belonging to Hasted, the Kentish historian; Stubbs's "Anatomy of Abuses," Richard Jones, 1595; and many works of the highest interest.

Amongst the newest works in French literature may be mentioned a new edition of the "Odes et Ballades" of Victor Hugo; the third volume of Saint-Marc Girardin's "Cours de Littérature Dramatique," forming a part of the "Bibliothèque Charpentier;" the second part of the first volume of "Mémoires sur Carnot;" the sixth volume of the "Histoire de la Révolution de 1848," by Garnier-Pages. A new volume is in the press of the "Lettres of Heloise and Abelard," to be published by Paul Lecroix; and "Lucy Vernon," by Félix Rocquain, is also announced by M. Pagnerre.

M. Firmin Didot, of Paris, announces "Le Roman de la Rose," par G. de Lorris, avec Notes et Notices, par M. Francisque Michel.

### MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

It has been decided that Mr. Wallace's new comic opera shall be produced before the termination of the present season. The work is in full rehearsal, and may be ready for representation in about a week's time. If successful (which can hardly be doubted) the opera will run for a fortnight, and be played every night. The parts are distributed among the following performers:—Messrs. Haigh, St. Albyn, Santley, Corri, and Wallworth, Miss Susan Pyne, and Miss Louisa Pyne. The book, by Mr. Planche, is said to be founded on a French subject, though entirely original in construction. Its title is yet in abeyance.

We hear of a German opera company, under the direction of Herr Tescher, of Darmstadt, coming over to London, to give performances during the ensuing season. Among the celebrities already engaged, we are told, are Herr Ander, the celebrated tenor from Vienna, not entirely unknown in London, having appeared many years ago at the Royal Italian Opera in "Guillaume Tell;" and Herr Niemann, the representative of the famous "Tannhäuser" at the Grand Opera in Paris. Other eminent German vocalists are spoken of as belonging to the troupe.

Herr Davidoff, principal violoncellist at the Gewandhaus Concerts at Leipzig, of whom the foreign journals speak in the highest terms, is expected to arrive in London for the season.—Madame Clara Schumann will shortly proceed to Paris, and intends giving four concerts in the Salle Erard.

The brothers Alfred and Henry Holmes have appeared with much success at a concert in Copenhagen.—Herr Niels W. Gade, the celebrated Danish composer, at present in Paris, will return to his native country towards the end of this month. From this it would appear that it is not his intention to favour England with a visit.

Among the manuscript works of the late Dr. Spohr, is an opera entitled "Alruana die Eulen Königin." The work was composed in 1808, when Spohr was Kapellmeister at Gotha.

"La Reine de Saba," Gounod's new opera, has at last been produced at the Grand Opera in Paris, but, alas! met with a "fiasco!" All the wisdom of Solomon, or "Soliman," as he is called in the piece, could not save the Arabian queen from ruin. M. and Madame Gueymard and M. Belval sang beautifully; Mesdames Emma Livry and Zina Richard danced like "sylphides;" the *mise-en-scène* was gorgeous; in fact, everything was successful but the music. Why not try the opera without the music? M. Gounod was already obliged to cut out the fourth act previous to the first representation of the opera; let him leave out the other three, and perhaps the Parisians may be better pleased. "C'est une musique savante," say the French. What else could they expect of King Solomon?

### THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE.

The dinner of the Dramatic and Equestrian Theatrical Society is worthy of notice as having broken through a stubborn old English custom, and admitted the actresses to the dinner. Mrs. Stirling and Miss Amy Sedgwick supported Sir Charles Taylor, who was in the chair. Several other ladies honoured the feast with their presence, and amongst them Miss Sally Booth, who delighted audiences more than fifty years since with her performance of Little Pickle, in the then favourite farce of "A Spoiled Child." On the ladies being toasted, Mrs. Stirling made an admirable reply; and altogether this formidable innovation on men's privilege of going alone to public feasts and festivals is a remarkable event. The opponents of women's rights will consider this a most formidable move in favour of strong-minded women.

A drama by Mr. Westland Marston is in rehearsal at the Haymarket, and will be produced on Monday week.

Mr. Charles Kean is about to act Othello, a character not hitherto included in his *répertoire*; at least he did not play it during his lesseeship of the Princess's.

### LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS.

FROM FEBRUARY 28TH TO MARCH 6TH.

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| Arrivabene (Count John). Memoirs of, from the German. 7s. 6d.  | History of the Early Church. By Author of "Amy Herbert." Second edition. 4s. 6d.    |
| Ahn (D. C. F.). A Concise Grammar of the Dutch Language. 3s. 6d.   | Kemp (J.). Wild Dayrell. Second edition. Post 8vo. cloth. 7s. 6d.                   |
| Appia's (Dr. P. E.). Ambulance Surgeon. 6s.  | Leitch (Rev. A.). Heart Religion. 8vo. cloth. 3s. 6d.                               |
| Bayne (P.). The Testimony of Christ to Christianity. 8vo. cloth. 3s. 6d.   | Lytton (Sir E. B.). Vol. XXIX. The Diagon. Vol. I. Cloth. 5s.                       |
| Baillie (Rev. J.). Memoir of Capt. Thornton Bate, R.N. New edition. Crown 8vo. cloth. 3s. 6d.                    | McEwen's Types, Figures, and Allegories. Tenth edition. 12mo. cloth. 2s.            |
| Borden (Rev. H.). Ministers of Health: Sketches Mystic and Moral. 1s. 6d.  | Mendell (Capt.) and Craighill (Lieut.). Translated by. The Art of War. 9s.          |
| Cumming (Rev. E. J.). Abba Father. 12mo. cloth. 3s. 6d.  | Oats (H. C.). The Factory Acts, with Notes and Forms. 7s. 6d.                       |
| Child (Maria). Edited by. The Deep Wrong; or, Incidents in the Life of a Slave Girl. Written by Herself. 3s. 6d. | Ricketts (Caroline). The Crawfords. A Tale. 5s.                                     |
| Cooke (M. C.). A Manual of Botanic Terms. Illustrated. Fcap. 8vo. cloth. 2s. 6d.                                 | Romance of the Seas. By Waters. (Parlour Library, Vol. CCLXVI.) 2s.                 |
| Cruden's Concordance. Imperial 2vo. 13s.   | Savile (Rev. B. W.). Lyra Sacra. Second edition. Fcap. 8vo. cloth. 5s.              |
| Crokers (F. C.). Fairy Legends, &c. of the South of Ireland. Post 8vo. 5s.                                       | Spanish Lessons. 12mo. cloth. 3s. 6d.   |
| Correspondence of Fräulein Gündelode and Belline Von Arnim. Crown 8vo. cloth. 6s.                                | Tales Illustrating Church History. Vol. I. Early Period. 8vo. cloth. 5s.            |
| Gmelin (L.). Handbook of Chemistry (Cavendish Society's Works). 10s. 6d.   | Trench (Rev. F.). A Few Notes from Past Life, 1818-1832. Crown 8vo. cloth. 7s. 6d.  |
| Goodman (Margaret). Experiences of an English Sister of Mercy. New edition. 3s. 6d.                              | The Child of the Kingdom. By Author of "Way Home." Square 16mo. cloth. 2s. 6d.      |
| Horsford (Dr.). Philanthropy, the Genius of Christianity. 12mo. cloth. 7s. 6d.                                   | Unwin (W. J.). Training School Reader. First Book, First Division. Fcap. cloth. 9d. |
| Handbook of Domestic Recipes. 12mo. cloth. 1s.   | Second Book, Post 8vo. cloth. 1s.   |
|  | First Book, Second Division. 1s.  |
|  | Second Book, Post 8vo. cloth. 2s.   |
|  | War or Peace. By A. L. O. E. 12mo. cloth. 3s.                                       |



## LEARNED SOCIETIES.

## LIST OF MEETINGS FOR NEXT WEEK.

## MONDAY.

GEOGRAPHICAL—Burlington House, at 8½ p.m. 1. "Travels in Cambodia." By Mr. H. Mouhot. 2. "Tour to Karen-ni, through the Shan States to Tungu." By Mr. Edw. O'Riley. 3. "The N. W. Coast of Borneo." By Mr. S. St. John, late Consul-General for Borneo.

MEDICAL—32A, George-street, Hanover-square, at 8½ p.m. Clinical Discussion.

## TUESDAY.

MEDICAL AND CHIRURGICAL, 53, Berners-street, at 8½ p.m.

CIVIL ENGINEERS—25, Great George-street, Westminster, at 8 p.m. "On certain Works recently executed at the Sulina Mouth of the Danube." By Mr. C. A. Hartley, Assoc. Inst., C.E.

ZOOLOGICAL, 11, Hanover-square, 9 p.m. "On the Brain of the Javan Loris (*Stenops Javanicus*)." By W. H. Flower, Esq.

SYRO-EGYPTIAN, 22, Hart-street, Bloomsbury, at 7½ p.m.

## WEDNESDAY.

ROYAL LITERATURE—4, St. Martin's Place, at 8½ p.m.

SOCIETY OF ARTS—John Street, Adelphi, at 8 p.m. "On the Mauritius: its Commercial and Social Bearings." By James Morris.

GRAPHIC—Flaxman Hall, University College, at 8 p.m.

MICROSCOPICAL—King's College, at 8 p.m.

LITERARY FUND—4, Adelphi Terrace, at 2 p.m. Anniversary Meeting.

BRITISH ARCHEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION—32, Sackville-street, at 8½ p.m. Mr. Thomas Wright "On Anglo-Saxon Jewellery found near Scarborough by the late Lord Londesborough." Mr. E. Leven "On some Unpublished Documents relative to the Captivity of Charles I."—Mr. Halliwell "On some Unpublished Works of William Basse."—Mr. H. Syer Cumming on "Pilgrim's Signs."

## THURSDAY.

ROYAL—Burlington House, at 8 p.m. "On Disk Projectiles." By E. W. Woolcombe, Esq.

ANTIQUARIES—Somerset House, at 8½ p.m.

PHILOLOGICAL—Somerset House, at 8 p.m.

## FRIDAY.

ASTRONOMICAL, Somerset House, at 8 p.m.

ROYAL INSTITUTION—Albemarle Street, at 8 p.m. "On the Distribution of Northern Plants as influenced by Climatal and Geographical Changes." By Professor Oliver.

## SATURDAY.

ROYAL INSTITUTION—Albemarle Street, at 3 p.m. "On Music." Mr. H. F. Chorley.

## THE NEW VOLUME.

Vol. III. of THE LONDON REVIEW, July to December, 1861, is now Ready, bound in Cloth, price 16s.

Covers for Binding the Volumes, 2s. each. Reading Folios, 1s. 6d. each.

The above may be obtained through all Booksellers and News-agents.

## NOTICE.

All Communications on Editorial business must, without exception, be addressed to THE EDITOR.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.—Under the Management of Miss LOUISA PYNE and Mr. WILLIAM HARRISON.

LAST WEEK BUT ONE OF THE SEASON. FIFTH WEEK OF THE TRIUMPHANTLY SUCCESSFUL NEW ROMANTIC OPERA, BY BENEDICT.

On MONDAY, March 10th, and during the week (Saturday excepted), will be presented the New and Original Opera, in three acts, entitled,

## THE LILY OF KILLARNEY.

The Libretto by John Oxenford and Dion Boucicault, and the Music by Mr. Jules Benedict.

Danny Man, Mr. Santley; Hardress Cregan, Mr. Henry Haigh; Mr. Corrigan, Mr. E. Dussek; Father Tom, Mr. Patey; Mr. O'Moore, Mr. C. Lyall; Mr. Hyland Creagh, Mr. Wallworth; Myles-na-Coppaleen, Mr. W. Harrison.

Anne Chute, Miss Jessie McLean; Mrs. Cregan, Miss Susan Pyne; Sheelah, Miss Topham; Eily O'Connor (the Lily of Killarney, or the Colleen Bawn), Miss Louisa Pyne.

Conductor, Mr. ALFRED MELLON.

After which, scenes from "GULLIVER," terminating with the Grand TRANSFORMATION SCENE. Gulliver, Mr. W. H. Payne; Principal *Danses*, Mdlle. Lamoureux.

The Box Office open daily from Ten till Five. Places booked without charge. Commence at Seven.

On SATURDAY, March 15th, Mr. W. HARRISON'S ANNUAL BENEFIT.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA, COVENT GARDEN, under the Management of MISS LOUISA PYNE and Mr. W. HARRISON.

Mr. W. HARRISON respectfully announces that his ANNUAL BENEFIT will take place on SATURDAY, MARCH 15, when (by particular desire) will be presented first and only time this season, Balfe's Popular Opera, THE ROSE OF CASTILLE. After which will be produced an entirely new and original Operetta, entitled COURT AND COTTAGE. The Libretto by Tom Taylor, and the music by F. Clay, Esq.

Private Boxes, Stalls, and Places can be obtained of Mr. Parsons, at the Box Office, which is open daily from 10 till 5.

## THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

Enormous success of Mr. SOTHERN, in the character of Lord Dundreary. The Reading of "Brother Sam's" Letter nightly enclosed.—First Night of a new drama, by WESTLAND MARSTON, to commence at Seven, with OUR AMERICAN COUSIN. Characters by Mr. Buckstone, Mr. Sothern, Mr. Chippendale, Mrs. Charles Young, Miss M. Oliver, Miss H. Lindley, Miss Henrade, &c. After which, a new drama, entitled THE WIFE'S PORTRAIT, in which Mr. Howe, Mr. Wm. Farren, Mrs. Charles Young, Mrs. Wilkins, &c. will appear. Concluding with FAMILY JARS. Mr. Compton.

MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED, with MR. JOHN PARRY, give their "POPULAR ENTERTAINMENT" EVERY EVENING (except Saturday), at Eight; THURSDAY and SATURDAY MORNINGS, at Three, at the ROYAL GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION, 14, REGENT STREET. Unreserved Seats, 1s., 2s.; Stalls, 3s.; Stall-chairs, 5s., secured in advance, without charge, at the Gallery, and at Cramer, Beale, & Wood's, 201, Regent-street. OUR CARD-BASKET will shortly be withdrawn.

ROYAL ALHAMBRA PALACE, Leicester-square.—Open EVERY EVENING, at Seven o'clock. GRAND OPERATIC SELECTIONS and a variety of first-class Entertainments. Musical Director, Mr. Thomas Bartleman.

POLYTECHNIC.—ENTIRE CHANGE OF LECTURES AND ENTERTAINMENTS.—Every Evening at 8 past 8, New Musical Entertainment by Mr. J. E. Carpenter, assisted by the Misses Mascall, entitled "The World and His Wife."—Monday, at 2, and Tuesday and Saturday at 2 and ½ past 7, New Lecture by Professor J. H. Pepper, on "The late Appalling Accidents in Coal Mines."—Wednesday at 2, "Elementary Astronomy."—Exquisite Photographs, by Mr. England (London Stereoscopic Company) of "Scenes in America," Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday.—Lecture next Monday Evening, at ½ past 7, by the Rev. W. M. Robertson, entitled "Illustrations of Scripture, from the Manners and Customs of Indian Life." Open 12 till 5, and 7 till 10.

ROYAL BOTANIC SOCIETY, REGENT'S PARK.—EXHIBITIONS OF PLANTS, FLOWERS, and FRUIT, WEDNESDAY, MAY 28th, JUNE 18th, JULY 9th.

## AMERICAN PLANTS, MONDAY, JUNE 9th.

Tickets to be obtained at the Gardens only, by vouchers from Fellows or Members of the Society, price, on or before SATURDAY, MAY 17th, 4s.; after that day, 5s.; or on the days of Exhibition, 7s. 6d. each.

SPRING EXHIBITIONS open to the Fellows of the Society and their friends only, WEDNESDAYS, MARCH 26th, APRIL 2nd, 9th, 16th, 23rd, 30th, and MAY 7th.

## UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That on WEDNESDAY, 30th of April next, the Senate will proceed to elect Examiners in the following departments:—

Examinerships. Salaries. Present Examiners.

ARTS AND SCIENCE.	£.	
Two in Classics.....	200	{ Rev. J. W. Blakesley, B.D. William Smith, Esq., LL.D.
Two in the English Language, Literature, and History .....	75	{ Rev. Joseph Angus, D.D. Joshua G. Fitch, Esq., M.A.
Two in the French Language .....	50	{ Prof. Cassal. Antonin Roche, Esq.
Two in the German Language .....	30	{ Dr. Schaible. Rev. A. Walbaum.
Two in the Hebrew Text of the Old Testament, the Greek Text of the New Testament, and Scripture History .....	50	{ Rev. Prof. Gotch, LL.D. Vacant.
Two in Logic and Moral Philosophy .....	80	{ T. Spencer Baynes, Esq., LL.B. Vacant.
Two in Political Economy .....	30	{ R. Holt Hutton, Esq., MA. Prof. Waley, M.A.
Two in Mathematics and Natural Philosophy .....	200	{ W. H. Besant, Esq., M.A. Edward J. Routh, Esq., M.A.
Two in Experimental Philosophy .....	75	{ G. D. Liveing, Esq., M.A. Vacant.
Two in Chemistry .....	150	{ Prof. W. A. Miller, M.D., F.R.S. Prof. Williamson, Ph.D., F.R.S.
Two in Botany and Vegetable Physiology .....	75	{ J. D. Hooker, Esq., M.D., F.R.S. J. Lindley, Esq., Ph.D., F.R.S.
Two in Geology and Palaeontology .....	75	{ Prof. Morris, F.G.S. Prof. Ramsay, F.R.S.
LAW.		
Two in Law and the Principles of Legislation .....	50	{ Herbert Broom, Esq., M.A. Joseph Sharpe, Esq., LL.D.
MEDICINE.		
Two in Medicine .....	150	{ Wm. Jenner, Esq., M.D. A. Tweedie, Esq., M.D., F.R.S.
Two in Surgery .....	150	{ T. Blizard Curling, Esq., F.R.S. Prof. Fergusson, F.R.S.
Two in Anatomy and Physiology .....	150	{ Prof. Redfern, M.D. Prof. Sharpey, M.D., F.R.S.
Two in Physiology, Comparative Anatomy, and Zoology .....	100	{ George Busk, Esq., F.R.S. Prof. Huxley, F.R.S.
Two in Midwifery .....	75	{ Wm. Tyler Smith, Esq., M.D. Charles West, Esq., M.D.
Two in Materia Medica and Pharmaceutical Chemistry .....	75	{ Prof. Garrod, M.D., F.R.S. G. O. Rees, Esq., M.D., F.R.S.
Two in Forensic Medicine .....	50	{ Vacant. Vacant.

The present Examiners are eligible, and intend to offer themselves for re-election.

Candidates must announce their names to the Registrar on or before Tuesday, March 25th. It is particularly desired by the Senate that no personal application of any kind may be made to its individual members.

By order of the Senate,  
WILLIAM B. CARPENTER, M.D.,  
Registrar.  
Burlington House,  
March 4th, 1862.

## HOSPITAL FOR CONSUMPTION AND DISEASES OF THE CHEST, BROMPTON, S.W.

One eighth of the entire mortality of the country results from diseases of the chest. This fact accounts for the vast number of sick persons seeking the benefits of this special Charity, particularly in the winter months, when cold, want, and miserable homes aggravate their sufferings. To turn them away would be cruel; to keep all the wards open money is required, and is earnestly solicited.

PHILIP ROSE, Hon. Sec.  
HENRY DOBBIN, Sec.

## INDIA OFFICE, 21st February, 1862.

THE SECRETARY OF STATE FOR INDIA  
in Council hereby GIVES NOTICE.

That sealed TENDERS will be received at the Chief Cashier's Office at the Bank of England up to ONE o'clock on the 25th INSTANT (in lieu of the 1st of March, as specified in the Advertisement dated the 22nd January last), and on the 1st day of APRIL next, for BILLS OF EXCHANGE, payable on demand, to be drawn, in the months of MARCH and APRIL, on the several Governments in India, at Calcutta, Madras, or Bombay, for sums not to exceed Rupees 40,000,000 in each month, of which not more than Rupees 10,000,000 in each month will be drawn on the Government of Madras, and the same sum on that of Bombay.

Power is reserved to issue Bills for any smaller amount than Rupees 40,000,000 in the month of MARCH, and to carry over the difference to the succeeding month.

No Tender is to be for a sum less than Rupees 10,000, and a farthing per Rupee is to be the smallest fraction tendered.

Each Tender must specify the rate of Exchange at which the applicant is prepared to purchase a Bill, or any number of Bills, and the lowest amount of any one Bill is to be Rupees 5,000.

The Secretary of State will not be bound to accept any Tender, and reserves the right of accepting the whole or any portion of a Tender.

In the event of two or more Tenders being equal, and the amount remaining to be allotted not being sufficient to supply both or all, the Bank will be instructed to allot rateably.

On the day following the receipt of the Tenders at the Bank, the parties will be informed whether their Tenders have or have not been accepted.

If accepted, the amount of payment must be lodged at the Bank on or before the 15th day of each of the said months of MARCH and APRIL.

Those applicants whose Tenders shall have been accepted, will be furnished with a Form to be filled up with the particulars of the Bills required, and the Bills themselves, drawn in Duplicate, will be delivered on the day following the payment.

THOMAS GEORGE BARING.

## THE SCOTTISH WIDOWS' FUND LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

In Extent of Business and Annual Revenue, is  
THE LARGEST MUTUAL OFFICE IN THE WORLD.  
HEAD OFFICE—No. 9, ST. ANDREW SQUARE,  
EDINBURGH.

## FUNDS AND REVENUE.

Policy-holders' Fund, Realised and Invested ... £3,700,000  
Annual Revenue ..... £430,000

## MODERATE PREMIUMS.

The Premiums are somewhat under the average of those charged by the Leading Life Offices of the country.

EFFECT OF BONUSES ON POLICIES FOR £1,000.  
These Bonuses are not exceeded by those of any other Office.

Date of Policy.	Amount Payable in Death occur in				
	1862	1863	1864	1865	1866
1815 .....	£2372	£2409	£2446	£2483	£2519
1820 .....	2011	2042	2073	2104	2135
1825 .....	1883	1912	1941	1970	2000
1830 .....	1755	1782	1809	1837	1864
1835 .....	1614	1639	1664	1689	1714
1840 .....	1468	1491	1514	1537	1559
1845 .....	1337	1358	1379	1400	1420
1850 .....	1229	1248	1267	1287	1306
1855 .....	1134	1152	1169	1187	1204

## ALL NECESSARY INFORMATION SENT FREE.

The new Prospectus contains Tables of Premiums, Bonuses, and Surrender Values of Policies, with detailed Examples and Explanations, and will be sent free, with forms of proposal, on application.

## AGENTS FOR LONDON.

Central Agent—Hugh McKean, 4, Royal Exchange-buildings, Cornhill.

Local Agents—Major R. S. Ridge, 40, Pall-Mall, Agent for the West-end District; Benton Seeley, Islington-green, Agent for Islington District; Robertson & White, Accountants, 4, Princes-street, Bank of England.

## STAR LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

Established 1843.

HEAD OFFICE, 48, MOORGATE-STREET, LONDON.

Extracts from the Report for the year ending Dec. 31, 1861, and presented at the Annual Meeting, held March 3, 1862:—

During the year 1861, 1,532 Proposals were submitted to the Directors for the Assurance of £513,040; of this number, 1,115 were completed, and Policies issued for the sum of £361,960, yielding in Annual Premiums £12,868. 3s. 11d., and 201 stood over for completion at the end of the year; the remainder were either declined or withdrawn.

It will be seen that the new income is larger than in any previous year of the Society's existence.

The Statement of Accounts was read, which indicated the following gratifying results:—

The Society's Income is now £100,980. 8s. 2d.

The Accumulated Fund is £414,231. 5s. 9d.

Being increased during the year by the addition of £53,701. 2s. 9d.

The following Table, in continuation of that presented in the last Annual Report, will best illustrate the progress of the Society during the last six years:—

Year.	No. of New Policies Issued.	Sums Assured thereby.	Annual Premiums therefrom.	Total Accumulations from all sources.
1856 .....	603	214,451	6,597 18 5	202,110 7 2
1857 .....	572	221,122	7,735 9 5	238,065 1 7
1858 .....	658	235,350	8,582 0 9	274,797 15 4
1859 .....	812	294,495	10,172 19 0	319,444 5 2
1860 .....	902	336,290	11,312 15 9	360,530 3 0
1861 .....	1,115	361,960	12,868 3 11	414,231 5 9

Applications for assurance may be addressed to any of the Agents of the Society, or to

JESSE HOBSON, Secretary.



**UNITY FIRE INSURANCE ASSOCIATION**  
Unity-buildings, 8, Cannon-street, City.  
Income from fire premiums in 1860..... £70,656 16 0  
Every description of risks insured at tariff rates.  
CORNELIUS WALFORD, Manager.

**UNITY GENERAL LIFE ASSURANCE ASSOCIATION**, Unity-buildings, 8, Cannon-street, City.  
Income from life premiums in 1860..... £24,309 8 9  
Loans granted. Good bonuses. Moderate premiums.  
CORNELIUS WALFORD, Manager.

**SOVEREIGN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY**, 48, St. James's-street, London, S.W.  
TRUSTEES.

The Right Hon. the Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot.  
Sir Claude Scott, Bart.  
Henry Pownall, Esq.

**DIRECTORS.**

Chairman—The Lord Arthur Lennox.  
Deputy Chairman—Sir James Carmichael, Bart.  
John Ashburner, Esq., M.D.  
T. M. B. Batard, Esq.  
Lieut.-Col. Bathurst.  
John Gardiner, Esq.  
J. W. Huddleston, Esq., Q.C.  
Charles Osborne, Esq.

**BANKERS.**

Sir Claude Scott, Bart., & Co.  
Founded in 1845.

To ample security, this Office adds the advantages of moderate rates and liberal management.

The Bonuses hitherto declared have been unusually large, and amount in some cases to a return of four-fifths of the premium paid.

No charges are made beyond the premium.

Medical Fees are paid by the Office, in connection with Policies effected with the Company.

For those who desire to provide for themselves in old age, sums may be assured payable on attaining a given age, as 50, 55, or 60, or at death, if it occur previously.

ENDOWMENTS FOR CHILDREN are made payable on attaining the ages of 14, 18, or 21, so as to meet the demands which education or settlement in life may create. By the payment of a slightly increased rate, the premiums are returned in the event of previous death.

Every information will be readily afforded on application to the Secretary or Agents.

**EXTRACT FROM DIRECTORS' REPORT, MAY, 1861.**

"The Directors are enabled, in rendering their Annual Account, to announce that the year 1860 exhibited a continuance of the same healthy advance on which they last year had to congratulate the Proprietors, and so far as can be foreseen, presents the elements of future prosperity.

"Proposals for the Assurance of £254,033 were made to the Office during the past year, of which amount £167,259 were assured, producing in New Premiums, £5,619. 0s. 8d. The Income of the Office on the 31st December last had reached £40,562. 9s., being an increase over 1859 of £9,700.

"The Accounts, having reference to the last three years, show that the Cash Assets have exceeded the liabilities in a gradually increasing ratio, thus:—

In 1858 the Excess was	£9,269	7	4
1859	12,086	9	11
1860	18,557	0	6

"It will be seen that the amount added to the Funds of the Company during the past year shows a surplus of a very satisfactory character, notwithstanding the payment of £14,184. 14s. 5d. for claims consequent on the Death of Members.

"Since the Directors last had the pleasure of meeting the Proprietors, the Royal Assent has been given to a Special Act of Parliament, conferring additional powers on the Company.

"As the close of the present year will bring us to the period prescribed for the Valuation of the Business, with a view to the declaration of a Bonus, the Directors very earnestly invite the co-operation of the Proprietors, and all others connected with, or interested in the Office, to assist their efforts in making the present the most successful year of the Company's existence, in order that, individually and collectively, all interests may be advanced."

HENRY D. DAVENPORT, Secretary.

**AN ASTRONOMICAL OBJECT GLASS**  
FOR SALE. 3½-inch clear aperture, by Tully.  
Address, A. B., 11, Southampton-street, Strand.

**DEPOT FOR FOREIGN LITERATURE**, No. 270, STRAND, LONDON.

D. NUTT begs respectfully to call the attention of the Public to his Establishment for the Sale of Foreign Books, both old and new, and in every branch of Literature and Science. His Stock (which in some departments is the most extensive in England) is being continually augmented by weekly and semi-weekly importations from France and Germany, and by frequent arrivals from other parts of the Continent.

All Orders for Books not in stock can be executed within the shortest possible time, and Periodicals and Newspapers supplied by post or otherwise, with the utmost punctuality and despatch.

The following catalogues of Modern Books have recently been published, and may be had gratis for one postage stamp:—

- I.—French, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese Literature.
- II.—German, Dutch, Danish, Swedish, Polish, Russian, and Northern Literature.
- III.—Greek, Latin, Hebrew, and Oriental Literature.
- IV.—List of Foreign Newspapers and Periodicals, divided into Classes, with amount of Annual Subscriptions.

A Catalogue of Second-hand Books in every Department of Foreign Literature can likewise be had gratis for two stamps.

**WHAT WILL THIS COST TO PRINT?**  
is a thought often occurring to literary men, public characters, and persons of benevolent intentions. An immediate answer to the inquiry may be obtained. A SPECIMEN BOOK OF TYPES, and information for authors, sent on application, by

RICHARD BARRETT, 13, MARK LANE, LONDON.

**BARR & SUGDEN,**  
**SEED MERCHANTS AND FLORISTS,**  
12, KING STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.

In the Press, and will be published in a few days (SENT FREE AND POST PAID, ON APPLICATION), Illustrated,

**BARR & SUGDEN'S GUIDE TO THE FLOWER GARDEN,**

Showing how a Rich FLORAL DISPLAY may be maintained from APRIL to NOVEMBER, with a Descriptive Priced List of all the best Flower Seeds in cultivation.

**BARR & SUGDEN'S GUIDE TO THE KITCHEN GARDEN,**

Showing HOW, WHEN, and what things should be done to secure a regular Supply of the best Vegetables from January to December, with a Priced List of Select Vegetable Seeds.

**ALL FLOWER SEEDS SENT POST PAID.**

**COLLECTIONS OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL ANNUAL FLOWER SEEDS**, adapted for any Style of Gardening, 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 15s. 6d., and 21s.

**ALL VEGETABLE SEEDS** amounting to 21s., sent carriage paid, to any Railway Station in the Kingdom.

**COLLECTIONS OF THE BEST VEGETABLE SEEDS**, suitable for Small, Medium, and Large Sized Gardens, 10s. 6d., 15s. 6d., 21s., 30s., 42s., 50s., and 63s.

**BARR & SUGDEN, SEED MERCHANTS,**  
12, KING-STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.

**MR. CLAUDET'S CARTES DE VISITE.**

MR. CLAUDET, Photographer to the Queen, cautions the public that some shops are selling spurious imitations of his Carte de Visite Portraits. Although the imperfection of them is manifest, these counterfeit productions are capable of deceiving persons who do not examine the photographs attentively. To prevent this deception Mr. Claudet begs leave to observe that all the Cartes de Visite which come from his establishment are stamped with his name on the back.

107, REGENT STREET.

THREE DOORS FROM VIGO STREET, IN THE QUADRANT.

**GUSH AND FERGUSON'S**  
CELEBRATED

**CARTES DE VISITE, OR ALBUM PORTRAITS.**

TWENTY-FOUR FOR ONE GUINEA.

GALLERY, 179, REGENT-STREET, W.

*Adopted by the Governments of Great Britain, Spain, Denmark, Russia, Brazil, East and West Indies, and the British Colonies.*

**EASTON'S PATENT BOILER FLUID**

FOR REMOVING AND PREVENTING

INCRUSTATION IN STEAM BOILERS,  
LAND AND MARINE.

**P. S. EASTON AND G. SPRINGFIELD,**

PATENTEES AND SOLE MANUFACTURERS,

37, 38, & 39, WAPPING WALL, LONDON, E.

**FAMILY MOURNING.**

MESSRS. JAY respectfully announce that GREAT SAVING may be made by PURCHASING MOURNING at their Establishment. The Stock of Family Mourning is the largest in Europe. Mourning Costume of every description is kept Ready Made, and can be forwarded in Town or Country at a moment's notice. The most Reasonable Prices are charged, and the Wear of every Article guaranteed.

LONDON GENERAL MOURNING WAREHOUSE,

Nos. 247, 249, and 251, REGENT STREET.

JAY'S.

**FAMILY MOURNING.**

PETER ROBINSON'S

**FAMILY AND GENERAL MOURNING WAREHOUSE**

Is now (since its extensive alterations) the LARGEST IN LONDON. Families will effect a great saving by forwarding their orders to THIS ESTABLISHMENT, where the BEST MOURNING may be purchased at the most reasonable prices, and the wear of the article is guaranteed.

DRESSES, MANTLES, BONNETS, and MOURNING COSTUME of every description, is kept ready-made, and can be forwarded, in town or country, immediately on receipt of order.

DRESS-MAKING TO ANY EXTENT ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE.

PETER ROBINSON'S GENERAL MOURNING WAREHOUSE,

103 to 108, OXFORD STREET, W.



**REVOLVING SAFETY SHUTTERS FOR PRIVATE HOUSES**, defying the burglar to open them, at greatly reduced prices; manufactured in one sheet of steel, at 3s. 6d. per foot, super.; in iron, 3s. per foot.

The Builder says,—"Messrs. Clark & Co., of 15, Gate-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields, have recently introduced a New Self-coiling Revolving Shutter, for which they have obtained Royal Letters Patent, which, in addition to being one-half the expense, has the advantage of being remarkably simple, and consequently less liable to get out of order. All the complicated gearing apparatus is dispensed with; there are neither wheels, shafts, rollers, cords, nor weights to become deranged.

"We are disposed to think they will be largely used, both for shop-fronts and private houses. Much of the difficulty now often found in providing shutters for large bow windows may be obviated by their use without extra cost."

Prospectuses, with full-sized sections, sent post free, with numerous testimonials.

CLARK & Co., ENGINEERS,  
15, Gate-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields, London.

## FURNISH YOUR HOUSE

WITH THE BEST ARTICLES AT

**DEANE'S**

**IRONMONGERY AND FURNISHING**  
WAREHOUSES.

A Price Furnishing List sent Post Free.

DEANE & CO., LONDON BRIDGE.

ESTABLISHED A.D. 1700.

**DEANE'S TABLE CUTLERY**, celebrated for more than 150 years, remains unrivalled for quality and cheapness. The Stock is most extensive and complete, affording a choice suited to the taste and means of every purchaser. The following are some of the prices for Ivory-handled Knives—each blade being of the best steel, bearing our name, and warranted:—

	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
Table Knives per doz.	14	0	16	0	19	0	23	0	25	0
Dessert ditto	12	0	12	0	15	0	18	0	20	0
Carvers, Joint, per pair	4	6	5	6	6	6	7	6	8	0

**DISH COVERS and HOT WATER DISHES.** DEANE & CO. invite particular attention to their varied and excellent Assortment of these Goods, to which they are continually adding all Modern Approved Patterns in Electro Plate, Britannia Metal, and Tin.

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Britannia Metal, set of 5	3	0	3	6	3	10	4	0	5	10	5	15
" " " " " "	4	5	4	13	5	0	5	8	7	7	7	17
Block Tin, set of 6	0	18	1	10	2	0	2	2	2	8	2	17
" " " " " "	1	4	2	0	2	13	2	17	3	4	3	14
Electro Plate, set of 4	12	8	12	12	14	0	15	0	15	15	26	0

**ELECTRO-PLATED SPOONS and FORKS.** The best manufacture, well finished, strongly plated. Every article stamped with our mark, and guaranteed.

	FIDDLE.		REEDS.		KING'S.		LILY.	
	Second quality.	Best.	Second.	Best.	Second.	Best.	Second.	Best.
Table Spoons, per doz.	33	0	40	44	58	54	66	58
Table Forks	31	0	38	44	56	54	64	56
Dessert Forks	23	0	29	32	40	37	46	40
Dessert Spoons	24	0	30	32	42	37	48	42
Tea Spoons	14	6	18	22	26	26	32	26

DEANE & CO.'S NEW ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE and priced FURNISHING LIST may be had on application, or post free.

DEANE & CO. (Opening to the Monument),  
LONDON BRIDGE.

ESTABLISHED A.D. 1700.

## THE BEST REMEDY FOR INDIGESTION!

**NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS** are confidently recommended as a simple but certain remedy for Indigestion, which is the cause of nearly all the diseases to which we are subject; being a medicine so uniformly grateful and beneficial that it is with justice called the "Natural Strengtheners of the Human Stomach."

NORTON'S PILLS act as a powerful tonic and general aperient; are mild in their operation; safe under any circumstances; and thousands of persons can now bear testimony to the benefits to be derived from their use.

Sold in Bottles at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 11s. each, in every town in the kingdom.

Caution.—Be sure to ask for "NORTON'S PILLS," and do not be persuaded to purchase the various imitations.

## KEATING'S PALE NEWFOUNDLAND COD LIVER OIL.

Having frequently examined samples of PALE COD LIVER OIL, as imported by Mr. THOMAS KEATING, I can testify that it is uniformly of the best and purest quality that can be desired or obtained, possessing as it does the nutrient properties of that valuable medicine in the highest degree, unassociated at the same time with any disagreeable and irritating qualities resulting from the presence of decayed matter, thus making it an exception in respect of purity from many of the oils so abundantly advertised.

EDWIN PAYNE, M.D., L.R.C.P., M.R.C.S.,

Assistant Physician to the Royal General Dispensary, &c., &c.  
September 27th, 1861.

Sold in Half-pint Bottles, 1s. 6d.; Pints, 2s. 6d.; Quarts, 4s. 6d.; or in Five-pint Bottles, 10s. 6d., Imperial Measure, at 78, St. Paul's Churchyard, London.

**GLENFIELD PATENT STARCH**, used in the Royal Laundry, and pronounced by Her Majesty's Laundress to be the finest Starch she ever used.—Sold by all Chandlers, Grocers, &c. &c.

WOTHERSPOON & CO., Glasgow and London.

**RIDDELL'S PATENT SLOW-COMBUSTION COTTAGE BOILER**, for Heating Conservatories, Entrance Halls, Baths, &c., by the circulation of hot water. Requires no brickwork setting, will keep in action from twelve to eighteen hours without attention, at the expense of about threepence per day; is perfectly safe, requires no additional building, and may be seen in operation daily at the

PATENTEE'S WAREHOUSE,  
155, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON.

Price complete, from £3. 10s.

Illustrated Prospectus free, and Estimates prepared for erecting Hot Water Apparatus of any magnitude.

**DINNEFORD'S PURE FLUID MAGNESIA** has been, during twenty-five years, emphatically sanctioned by the medical profession, and universally accepted by the public, as the best remedy for acidity of the stomach, heartburn, headache, gout, and indigestion, and as a mild aperient for delicate constitutions, more especially for ladies and children. It is prepared, in a state of perfect purity and uniform strength, only by DINNEFORD & CO., 172, New Bond-street, London; and sold by all respectable Chemists throughout the world.

**NO MORE MEDICINE.**—We find DU BARRY'S FOOD the safest remedy for chronic constipation, indigestion (dyspepsia), consumption, diarrhoea, all gastric disorders, acidity, heartburn, palpitation, irritability, sleeplessness, distension, flatulency, phlegm, coughs, colds, asthma, bronchitis, dysentery, nervous, bilious, and liver disorders, debility, scrofula, atrophy.—Andrew Ure, M.D., F.R.S., Dr. Harvey, Dr. Shorland, Dr. Campbell, Dr. Rud. Wurzer. It saves 50 times its cost in other remedies. In tins, at 1s. 1½d.; 1lb., 2s. 9d.; 12lb., 22s.—Barry Du Barry & Co., 77, Regent-street, London; Fortnum & Mason; and at 61, Gracechurch-street; 4, Cheapside; No. 63 and 150, Oxford-street; 330, Strand; 5, Charing-cross; 54, Baker-street; and all grocers and chymists.

**COUGHS, ASTHMA, AND INCIPIENT CONSUMPTION** are effectually cured by KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES, which are daily recommended by the Faculty.—Testimonials from the most eminent of whom can be inspected—as the most effectual, safe, speedy, and may venient remedy, for Cough and all Disorders of the Lungs, Chest, and Throat. Sold in Boxes, 1s. 1½d., Tins, 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s. each. THOMAS KEATING, Pharmaceutical Chemist, 79, St. Paul's Churchyard, London. Retail by all Druggists.

**COUGHS, COLDS, CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM, &c.** are instantly relieved by Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE. In consequence of the extraordinary efficacy of this remedy, several unprincipled parties have been induced to vend imitations. Never purchase Chlorodyne except in sealed bottles having the Government stamp, with the words "Dr. J. Collis Browne's Chlorodyne" engraved thereon. A whole sheet of medical testimonials accompany each bottle.

Sole Manufacturer, J. T. DAVENPORT, 33, Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury, London.

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The beneficial results of this change, not only as it conduces to our individual enjoyment, but as it effects our commercial position in the great market of the world, cannot be over-rated. The importance of the latter consideration was brought forcibly under notice in the Great Exhibition of 1851; it will, perhaps, be still more conspicuously illustrated—and, it is to be hoped, in a sense more favourable to British industry—in the International Exhibition of 1862.

As yet, no attempt has been made in journalism to treat of this wide and growing field of ever-varying interest as an entity, and especial object of regard. There are several journals which represent one or more of the Fine Arts, and of the manufacturing processes in association with them, with considerable usefulness and success; but there is not one which, going to the fountain-head of Poetry and Beauty, treats of all Art as a system springing from, and nurtured by it; nor which, viewing the various interests involved in the practice of Art, in its different forms, according to their true relation to one another, seeks to fairly represent them all, and to bring them into that harmony of relationship, upon which must mainly depend their strength and their productiveness.

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It is almost unnecessary to add that THE ART-WORLD will pay especial attention to such contents as fall within its province in the International Exhibition, 1862. Exhibitors are respectfully invited to send particulars of the more important works contributed by them, accompanied, where necessary, by drawings, models, &c.

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In 1846 a second edition was commenced by the late C. E. Sowerby. In this work the letterpress was much reduced, the synonyms were increased, and occasionally new matter introduced, the whole being arranged according to the Linnean system of classification. It was comprised in twelve volumes, including three of the supplement, the fourth volume of supplement being printed after the edition was completed.

This edition being now nearly out of print, it is proposed to make use of these valuable plates, and bring out an edition adapted to the requirements of Botanical Science at the present day. Since the commencement of the second edition, all the more important manuals which have been devoted to the description of British Plants have been arranged according to the Natural Order. Although it was long before this system was adopted, it is now generally allowed to be the only really scientific method in which plants can be arranged. In none of the works at present published has the attempt been made to give life-size illustrations. It is therefore hoped that a new edition of Smith and Sowerby's "English Botany," arranged according to the Natural System, will be acceptable alike to the amateur and the scientific student of Botany.

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5 MH63



PUBLISHED EXCLUSIVELY FOR SUBSCRIBERS

TO THE

## LONDON REVIEW,

THE

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BY

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AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

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18. THE WOUNDED CRIMEAN HEROES.

The following Complimentary Notices from some of the Subscribers to the LONDON REVIEW, who have obtained a copy of the "Crimean Heroes," will show that the artistic quality and general character of the Picture have not been overrated:

SIR,—Before seeing the magnificent chromo of the "Reception of the Crimean Heroes by her Majesty the Queen," I felt comparatively comfortable at knowing I had not been one of the fortunate subscribers, by whom a copy of it had been drawn at the recent distribution. After seeing it, and comparing it with the glorious picture by Gilbert, of which it is a reduced but marvellously effective re-production in its way, I should have been most uncomfortable if there had not been a condition in the scheme of distribution (namely, that of paying two guineas) yet available, by which a copy could be secured. I believe you have not a subscriber who could in any way spare that sum but who would do so if, like myself, he could be made aware of what was to be had for it. I think it only fair to such subscribers to say this—as no doubt very many are supposing the chance is, like so many others of the sort usually offered, not worth being at any trouble about.

Yours faithfully,

Moorgate Grange,  
Rotherham, Feb. 11th, 1862.

JOHN GUEST.

I am duly in receipt of the chromo representing "The Reception of the Crimean Heroes." In so far as my individual judgment goes, I am free to confess that the work, taken as a work of art, and as a representation of the drawing by Mr. Gilbert, is unequalled, both as regards its wondrous colouring and also the admirable effect of its perspective. Many of my friends also declare to its great excellence—the majority conceiving it as a finished water-colour drawing, and can scarcely be brought to the belief of its real nature.

GEORGE K. ESSELL.

The Precincts, Rochester.

I have very great pleasure in offering my testimony to the interesting and beautiful character of "The Crimean Heroes." It is the largest and finest work of the kind that I have ever seen, and is so close a copy of the grand original, by Gilbert, that I would defy even an experienced artist, without minute inspection, to say it was not an original painting. As an ornamental work, it would grace the drawing-room of any

nobleman; and from its historical interest it should be on the walls of every British officer, and also of every officer's mess-room throughout Great Britain and her Colonies.

Kentish Town.

B. THOMPSON.

I have this day received the case containing your very liberal present, which is a surprising achievement of art, and for which I return you my best thanks.

Landford.

HENRY GIRDLESTONE.

I beg to acknowledge the arrival of the splendid picture. I shall have it framed immediately, and placed in my drawing-room, so that all my visitors will see it.

S. S. WOOLLATT.

36, Alwyne Road, Canonbury.

I received this evening your very fine picture. I consider it a most marvellous performance in that particular kind of art.

W. J. VALENTINE.

Royal School, Enniskillen.

[TURN OVER.]

acquiescence in the dynasty that at present reigns. Thanks to the watchful alacrity of M. de Morny and his brother President, the semblance of loyalty to the powers that be is exacted and preserved. Caesar has the tribute which is due to him, but he does not get much more out of the coin that is offered to him than the bare recognition of the right of might. The coin is given to Caesar, but the image and superscription which the coin bears are the image and superscription of liberty.

The grandest of modern historians tells us that, in the days of Imperial Rome, the Roman people were contented to be slaves, provided that they were from time to time respectfully assured by their

Montauban is personally unpopular, and it is conceivable that the Legislative Assembly were not anxious to stretch the law to accommodate a soldier whose antecedents they disliked. But if Napoleon III. had dissolved the Assembly on this question, he would probably have been safe in counting on a modicum of popular sympathy. His latest proposal is a very different thing. Trustworthy accounts from Paris tend to show that the momentary and impulsive enthusiasm with which the Corps Législatif hailed the supposed concessions of their Sovereign, is giving place to a disagreeable feeling that they are being tricked. It is awkward that the



I beg leave to acknowledge having duly received a copy of the fine picture of "The Crimean Heroes," and to express the gratification I feel in possessing a work of art so very much surpassing my highest expectations.

JAMES HANFORD.

5, Emerson Street, Southwark, S.E.

I have this day received a copy of the "Crimean Heroes," and consider it in every respect worthy of all that has been said about it in the "London Review."

6, Bank Place,

G. C. B.

St. Philip's Square, Salford.

I am in receipt of the chromo picture, which arrived safely yesterday, and am very greatly pleased with it. As a work of art, it is indeed marvellous, and reflects the highest credit upon all concerned in its production.

Godalming.

THOMAS CHENNELL.

The chromo has arrived quite safe. I am indeed surprised and delighted with it, and shall ever esteem it a work of art of high excellence. Your description of it is most true and faithful.

JOHN WILLIAM TODD.

41, North Row, Grosvenor Street, W.

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of the plate of the "Crimean Heroes," and, as an artist, to express my admiration of the same.

1, Fitzroy Terrace,

THOMAS SMART.

Regent's Park.

I have much pleasure in acquainting you that the committee are highly pleased with the splendid present of the chromo-lithograph. It far exceeds their expectations. It will be framed as suggested.

Mechanics' Institute,

EDW. DAVIES.

Plymouth.

I have received the "Crimean Heroes," and am highly satisfied. I could not have conceived such a picture could have been produced by such a process. It reflects the highest credit on the artist.

High Street, Peckham.

J. ROLFE.

From COLONEL HENRY DANIELL.

The chromo-lithograph is truly a great "triumph" in that art, and does justice to Mr. Gilbert's admirable original.

54, Grosvenor Street.

I have the pleasure to inform you that I have just received the magnificent picture, "The Crimean Heroes," which has more than realized my expectations. It is, certainly, a most valuable work of art, for which I beg to tender you my most respectful thanks.

THEOS. L. JONES.

"Aberdare Times" Office.

I have received the picture of "The Crimean Heroes," and I consider myself extremely fortunate in obtaining such a beautiful production, containing, as it does, so great an amount of talent in the artist and artizan. Indeed, I think the work is a miracle of mechanical art, (if I may be allowed the expression). The subscribers to the "London Review" owe you, sir, a debt of gratitude, which I trust none of us will be backward in practically acknowledging, whenever opportunities present themselves.

H. BRITTON WILLIS.

11, Victoria Road, Kensington.

Your most excellent picture does you infinite credit, for producing the finest chromo of the age, and one which will bear comparison with any oil painting in England.

WILLIAM SLAUGHTER.

"Northern Daily Express" Offices.

I have received in safety the chromo-lithograph of the "Crimean Heroes," which you were kind enough to send me. It is worthy of being framed in the best possible manner.

WILLIAM REED.

Winter Lodge, Kensington.

It is quite unnecessary for me to add my tribute of praise to the magnificent specimen of chromo-lithographic art in the copy which I have received of Gilbert's Queen's reception of "The Crimean Heroes." It is, indeed, surpassingly beautiful, and will grace any collection of works of art.

THOMAS TURNER PEARSON.

Crowle.

I duly received the picture "in good condition," and I am much pleased with it. It is a historical subject with much interest in it. I feel sure every Englishman would like to have such a picture in his house.

JNO. CHAPMAN.

3, Providence Row, Finsbury.

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of the copy of "The Crimean Heroes," which not only gives me satisfaction, but far exceeds my expectations as a specimen of chromo-lithography—in fact, I consider it a masterpiece.

THOS. HORNER, M.D.

9, Spenser Road, Stoke Newington.

I am happy to inform you that the picture has arrived quite safe. It came to hand this morning, and I am highly pleased with it. Indeed, it is a beautiful production, and I consider myself very fortunate in obtaining it. As a work of art, it surpasses all I have ever seen of its kind.

THOS. GIBSON DAVY

25, Bennett Street, S.

I duly received the chromo-lithograph yesterday, and feel great pleasure in informing you that in every point it far exceeds my expectations. I consider myself very fortunate in becoming the possessor of such a picture.

Wycombe.

EREDK. SLADE.

Dr. Probyn has requested me to acknowledge the receipt of the picture of "Crimean Heroes," which arrived this afternoon. He desires me to add that he highly approves of it.

Newbury.

R. H. WINSTANLEY.

I have duly received the copy of "The Reception of the Crimean Heroes." The splendid execution of the work quite surprises me. I consider it a perfect masterpiece in the art of chromo-lithography. I saw the original picture, some time ago, and, really, the copy, in point of beauty, is very little inferior to it.

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